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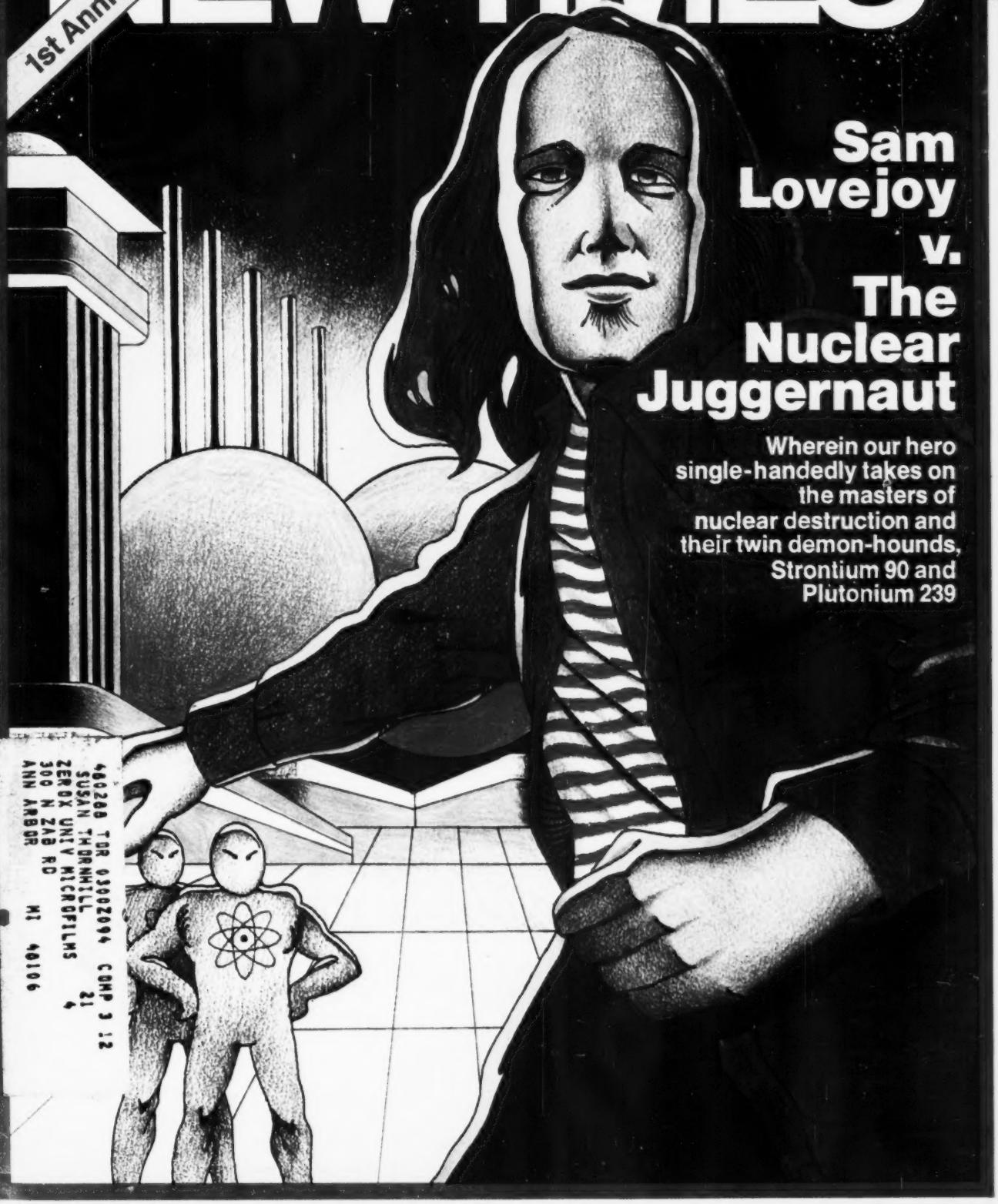
NEW TIMES

1st Anniversary Issue



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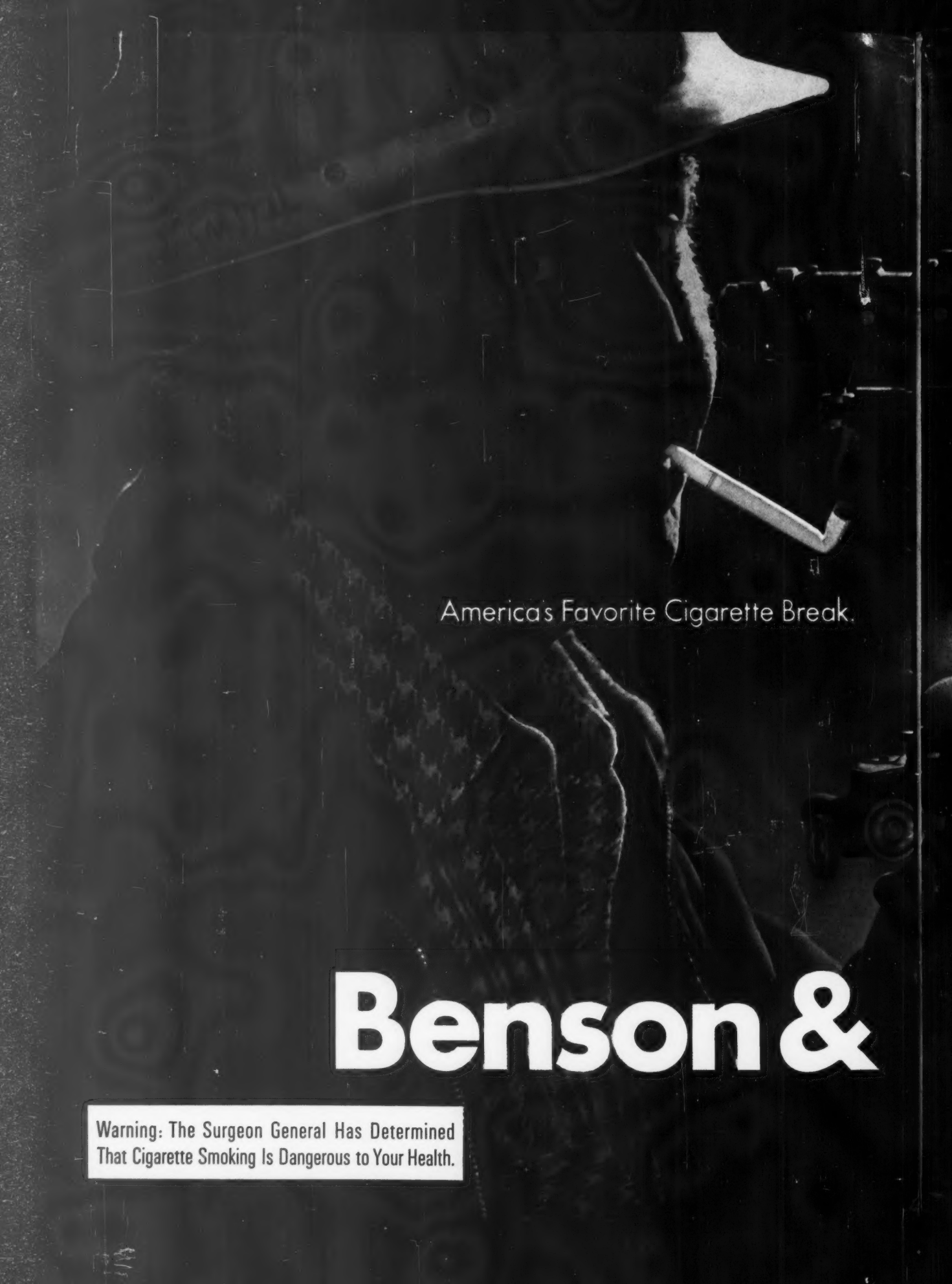
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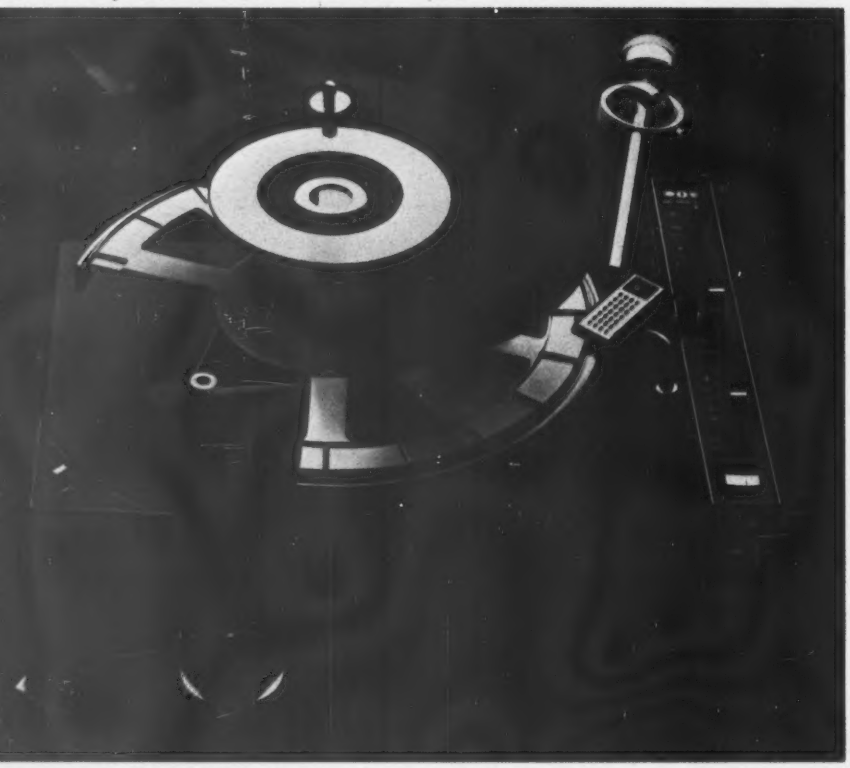

At right you see the B·I·C program panel. With it you can operate these turntables manually. Or you can elect to play a single disc automatically. Or you can repeat a single disc as many as 6 times. Or you can play from 2 to 6 discs in series.

For the first time one turntable combines the advantages of a manual unit with the convenience of perfect automatic record handling—without sacrificing playback performance.

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The underside of the turntable is revealing.

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Seven other adjustments can be made from the *top* of the instrument which permit easy fine-tuning of the tone arm system, to a greater degree than has ever been possible before. The control tabs and linear scale for anti-skate and tracking force adjustment are unique. The cycle button which controls play is unique. Etc. Etc.

Dependability

B·I·C Programmed Turntables are made in the United States, in our own factories. We mention this because quality control is probably *the* most important factor in building this kind of equipment. The fact that the specifications for these turntables have been created and quality controlled by B·I·C is more important than you think.

Performance

We barely have space here to hint at the things you should know about these turntables and their performance.

Your audio dealer has a comprehensive 26-page booklet about them which includes performance figures, dimensions and details about the B·I·C 2-year warranty.

Get this booklet, or write for more information to Andrew Stephens, Dept. 10N, British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590. We think you ought to compare turntable features before you buy. If you compare ours with any and all others you're considering (price no object) we'll be happy. We think you will be too.

B·I·C™

This is the 980 with solid state speed control and strobe. About $200. The 960 is identical except for these two features. About $150.

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NEW TIMES, October 18, 1974, Volume 3, Number 8

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The radical chaser bags a whopper *Guy Goodwin, the Torquemada of the Nixonian Inquisition, has had a long run of luck in court, but now he has Timothy Leary as his star witness.* **By Michael Drosnin** 18

Is Tim Leary's Joanna a narc? *If the Aging Wizard of the Acid Age is dropping in, is he getting a little help from his dazzling friend?* **By Rasa Gustaitis** 26

Sam Lovejoy's nuclear war (a New Age morality play in three acts) *When our protagonist, an organic communal farmer, first laid eyes on the nuclear test tower, he knew it had to come down. Only then, he didn't know he would be the one to do it* **By Stephen Diamond** 30

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Does Werner Erhard have the answer? *The Erhard Seminars Training* (est) *offers the best of gestalt therapy, Scientology, the Bible, Taoism, mind dynamics and Dale Carnegie. To date, more than 25,000 people have experienced Werner Erhard's design for making life work and another 4,000 are patiently awaiting their turn* **By Marcia Seligson** 39

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COVER ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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BEHIND THE SCENES

The story on Erhard Seminars Training in this issue is Contributing Editor Marcia Seligson's fourth article for *NEW TIMES* (her last story was "Zen Tennis"). She says it involved her more than any story she has ever worked on, for this or any other magazine. Seligson thinks the reason she became so engrossed by *est* is that, unlike other groups in the human growth movement, Erhard's messages about what makes life work apply not only to the training for the uninitiated but also to the entire operation of the organization: responsibility, personal power, vitality, love. To Seligson, that kind of integrity is rare and well worth the search.

With this issue we celebrate the first anniversary of *NEW TIMES*. What an extraordinary year it has been! The cover of our first issue showed Spiro Agnew's face on a golf ball with the coverline: "The Agnew Open: Choices for a new Vice President from people Nixon would never ask." Two days after we were on the newsstands, Agnew announced his retirement from public service. As the Watergate story continued to unfold, *NEW TIMES* continued to bring a new perspective to the headlines—with pertinent commentary and satire as well as hard reporting. Early on, Henry Steele Commager wrote that the country should not be afraid of impeachment; David Halberstam explored the role of Nixon and the press; Richard Poirier saw the ex-President as the Moby Dick of American politics and Jimmy Breslin called him the Protestant Joey Gallo; Larry King reassessed LBJ through Watergate-colored glasses. During the Mitchell-Stans trial, we published the first interview with Robert Vesco from Costa Rica. In June Terry Sheridan wrote the first extended profile of Gerald Ford, entitled "The Making of the 38th President." When the Nixon resignation finally came that Thursday night in August, we were on the presses a few hours later with an issue of *NEW TIMES*—largely dedicated to "The Decline and Fall."

Other highlights of the first year: Roger Rapoport had the first interview with Patty Hearst's fiance, Steven Weed, shortly after the kidnapping. Nina Totenberg wrote "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," after which Senator William Scott of Virginia called a press conference to deny that he was "the dumbest congressman of them all." Readers wrote in from around the country with their own nominations. Our Vietnam Anniversary issue, a reminder not only of our recent past but of the fact that the war continues, similarly elicited praiseful letters.

As the year progressed, so did the quality of our investigative reporting. Among the more notable pieces: Robert Sam Anson's "Babies For Sale," and, more recently, his investigation of the sex scandal at Notre Dame; Amanda Spake's "Prescription Payola"; Nina Totenberg's "The Supreme Court as the Last Plantation"; and Ron Ridenhour's expose of a secret CIA base in Arizona.

We like to think that such stories are largely responsible for the fact that the magazine's circulation is now stronger than had been anticipated, at 160,000. Each issue of *NEW TIMES* is pulling more than 1,000 new readers simply on the strength of the insert cards, and, with the help of a winter direct mail campaign, circulation should reach 200,000 before next summer. Who are *NEW TIMES* readers? Well, they are young (the median age is 29) and bright (91 percent have had some college education) and largely single (57 percent). Most important, they seem to like *NEW TIMES*. A surprising number write that they subscribe to several magazines, but that *NEW TIMES* is the only one they read cover to cover.

George A. Hirsch

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LISTEN. AND STAY ON TOP OF THE NEWS.

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES

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CLIPPINGS

Sports

Bob Maddox of the Cincinnati Bengals football team ate six big T-bones at a sitting and took two more home for snacks. His best performance at table was six big hunks of prime rib and six 14-ounce lobsters, at one sitting. "I have a high metabolism rate," says Maddox, "and I don't enjoy being hungry." He is six-foot-five and weighs 242.—from the Charleston (W.Va.) *Gazette*

Mark Keluche is a pitcher for the Red Bluff, California, Little League baseball team. He is a full-blooded Indian, five-eleven, weighs 245 pounds and is 12 years old.—from the Associated Press

---

Too-Tall Jones, who plays for the Dallas Cowboys, is six-foot-eight and weighs 260.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

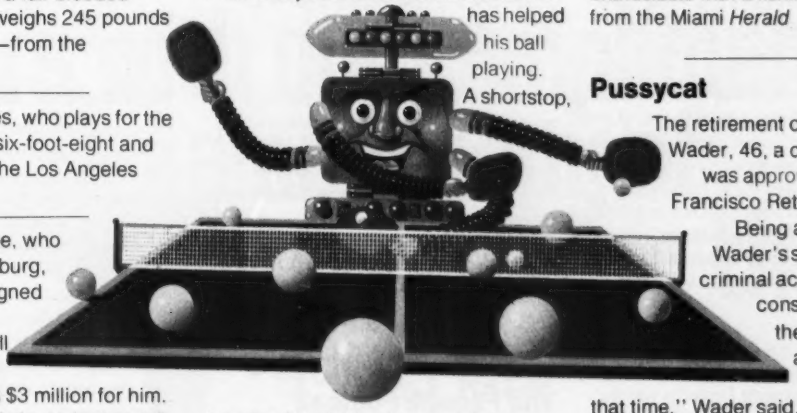
Moses Malone, who is right out of Petersburg, Va., High School, signed a contract with the Utah Stars basketball team that will mean perhaps as much as $3 million for him. He is 19, six feet and eleven inches tall. Tommy Burleson of North Carolina State signed with the Seattle basketball team for a million and a half. He is seven-foot-four.—from the Richmond Times *Dispatch* and United Press International

---

The Kansas City Table Tennis Club has this Ping-Pong machine that attaches to the table and shoots balls at you from all angles for practice. Four members of the K.C. Club broke the record for doubles playing when they exceeded the 42 hours and one minute published in the *Guinness Book of Records*. They played in front of a fried chicken store. Rain forced the participants and the table inside but did not rain out the play.
—from the Kansas City *Star*

Forty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty four tennis balls were taken from a Los Angeles Sporting goods warehouse. Lee Francis Kesterman, 27, was arrested when he tried to market 24,000 of them.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

Larry Bowa of the Philadelphia Phillies says transcendental meditation has helped his ball playing. A shortstop, he raised his hitting from a previous high of .250 to .268. He no longer takes things out on his wife, either.—from the Miami *Herald*



The Detroit Tigers' Ron LeFlore initially got interested in baseball on a prison team. On parole from a sentence for his part in a robbery, LeFlore got to bat four times in his first major league game. He struck out three times and grounded out once.— from the Charleston (W.Va.) *Gazette*.

Mike King, 26, dove 150 feet from a helicopter into water at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, to break the old record of 135 feet. He was hospitalized with two crushed vertebrae.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Richard Nixon was asked by players and owners in 1965 to become commissioner of baseball.—from the Atlanta *Journal*

"The annual chizzywink hatch is under way at Lake Okeechobee. It is putting the bluegills into a feeding frenzie and providing fly rod enthusiasts with a fishing bonanza."—from the Miami *Herald*

Pussycat

The retirement of Richard J. Wader, 46, a cop for 25 years, was approved by the San Francisco Retirement Board. Being a cop upset Wader's stomach. "The criminal activity increased considerably in the Upper Fillmore and Haight street area during that time," Wader said. "Whenever I would answer a call, I would be greeted with defiance and derisive comments." He began to experience "a constant tightness in my stomach," he said, and there were spasms. While he was becoming a peptic-plagued policeman, Wader had another life. "I refereed a few basketball games," he said modestly. Actually, he reffed for 14 years and made a hallowed place for himself in the Pantheon of Sports Esoterica by calling four technical fouls on Oklahoma City's coach, Abe Lemmons, in a game at Berkeley in 1972.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

LETTERS

Shoot-out

New Times tends to drift away from the truth and leans toward manipulating statistics to establish a point of view. A case in point is Blake Fleetwood's article on law enforcement ("They Shoot Ten-year-olds, Don't they?" September 20).

According to Fleetwood's statistics, a million policemen killed a thousand people last year. This out of America's 200 million-plus population. What is that? Less than one-twentieth of 1 percent? How about some statistics on how many of the one million policemen were killed by criminals. What sort of percentage would that be? Of the one thousand killed by police, how many were poor, innocent victims and how many were perpetrators of crimes of violence? These things are important if truth is of any consequence to *New Times*.

Is Fleetwood sure that New York cops wear their guns off duty while they get drunk in barrooms. In most cities off-duty cops are required to carry their weapons except when on recreation, such as drinking, dancing, etc., in which case carrying guns is forbidden by law and violators can be put in jail. I do not know, but I have a strong suspicion this same law prevails in New York just as it does here in New Orleans.

Ted Means
New Orleans, La.

Mr. Fleetwood answers: Firearms training officer Lieutenant Francis McGee assures me that New York City policeman are required to carry their firearms at all times—even while drinking or dancing—when they are in the jurisdiction. The New Orleans law is very wise. If New York City had such a law, some dead policemen would be alive today.

The following are examples of poor research, poor investigative journalism, poor editorial supervision or a combination of all three. In "They Shoot Ten-year-olds, Don't They?" (September 20), the author states, "If you are killed by a stranger in a large city, nearly 20 percent of the time your assailant will be a policeman." Also on the same page: "In fact, if you are killed by a policeman in a large city, one-third of the time your assailant will be a policeman."

Another example of inconsistent statements: "In 1972 five (New York) City policemen were shot and killed in the line of duty, . . ." and, "Four out of eight policemen (including a T.A. policeman) that were shot to death in 1972 were killed by police guns."

Bert A. Kessler
Plainview, N. Y.

Mr. Fleetwood answers: The "20 percent" stated in the subhead is a misprint. The second inconsistency Mr. Kessler points out is, in fact, not an inconsistency. Five New York City policemen were shot and killed in the line of duty. Three New York City policemen were shot and killed *not* in the line of duty (for example, during arguments in bars). One Transit Authority policeman was shot and killed in 1972.

I have quite a strong stomach, but after reading Blake Fleetwood's excellent article on the massacre of mostly defenseless innocents ("They Shoot Ten-year-olds, Don't They?" September 20) I became extremely nauseous.

I am 16 years old and very apprehensive about growing up in a state like this. I think I'll move to England.

Kate Jansen
New York, N.Y.

The Female Football

Ara Parseghian, coach of the Notre Dame football team, was quoted in your recent article ("That Championship Season," September 20) as saying that ". . . Because they were football players, they suffered greater indignities." As a woman, I can think of no greater indignity than to be the victim of a gang rape. But then, it sounds as though compassion for females is not of concern at Notre Dame.

It is doubtful that a place like Notre Dame can ever put football or football players in their proper perspectives. But why pretend to be a citadel of "moral leadership, commitment to justice, integity and honor" when sexism and distorted values prevail?

Laura Duffy
Walpole, Mass.

Just yesterday, I filled out a blank ordering *New Times* for 26 weeks. My daughter has been a subscriber from the beginning and told me it was a magazine I ought to be reading.

This letter is to ask you to ignore that order. I don't want your magazine in my home. I received just today a copy of the piece by Robert Sam Anson, "That Championship Season" (September 20) and it was not only a rotten piece of fifth-rate journalism— boring and repetitive beyond belief—but it was a real hatchet job on Theodore Hesburgh, one of the finest university presidents in the country, a man I have known for many years and whose integrity is beyond reproach.

Ann Landers
Chicago, Illinois

Mondale of Minnesota

Your very casual dismissal of the Democrats' chances for the presidency in '76 ("The Insider," September 6) fails to give Senator Mondale the credit he deserves. Had you checked his record you might be a bit more impressed with the work he has done, and you might even realize that he is from Minnesota and not Montana.

Check how many letters you get on this error, and see how much interest there is in Mondale. He may be the only true liberal with the integrity and guts to bring this country around.

Mike Nagell
Osseo, Minnesota

Editor's Note: Four readers pointed out the error.

The Rocky Road

Thank you for printing Michael Drosnin's "Rocky's Big Bust" in the September 20 issue.

Hopefully, this moving and disturbingly blunt portrait of Rockefeller's warped justice will help to eliminate New York's shameful drug law and "break the back of the terrible traffic in tragedy" it has wrought.

Janet Parker
Los Angeles, California

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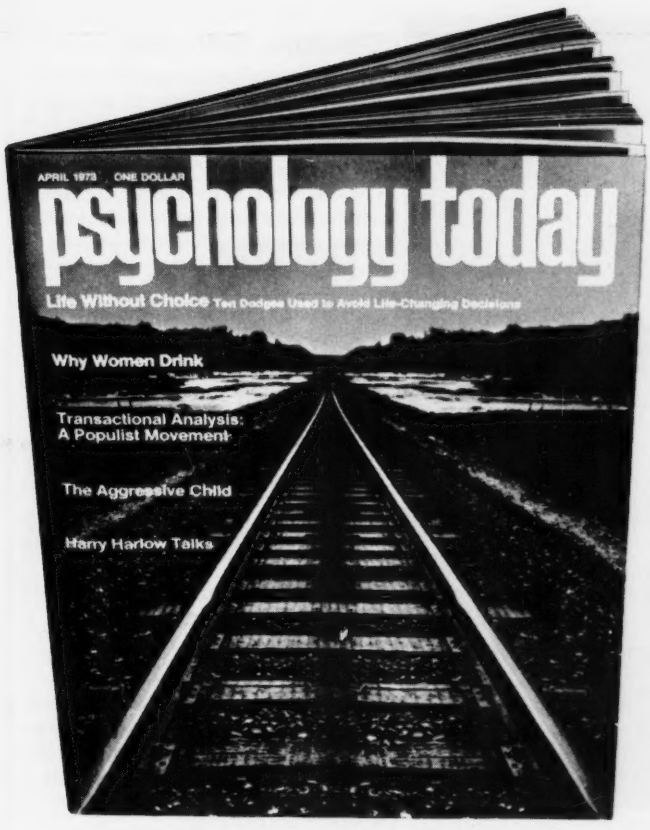
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The case for bottling up rage. Many therapists trace man's violence to bottled-up anger. But now a psychologist has marshalled evidence to show that venting violent emotions merely strengthens the tendency to behave in violent ways.

Mixed marriages. An in-depth study of 20 black-white marriages explores daily life in mixed marriage, reveals problems with family, friends, and community, and undercuts misconceptions.

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The many masks we wear. If you seem like different people at different times, does that mean you're a phony or wishy-washy? A noted psychologist argues that on the contrary having multiple identities is healthy and should be encouraged.

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Goodbye, Columbus

No article I have read in recent years has given me more pleasure than the one about Columbus, Ohio ("Footballtown, U.S.A.," September 20).

I am descended from a long line of Columbians who by no strange coincidence are also Ohio State alumni. All I can say is that it takes real guts to publish such an article which will no doubt be sold in the town where brooms imported from Poland may not be sold (because they were all made by Communist slave labor). It is likely all copies of this issue will be seized in Columbus and a complaint lodged to postal authorities about obscene materials being sent through the mail.

It saddens me to point out an error of fact in the article. Columbus did not in fact produce the first Miss America. It sent forth the second and third.

Michael Lamb
Syracuse, New York

Disturbing Piece In Sleepytown

Not only has Mr. Ward ("Yawn Patrol," September 20) insulted the Geneva police, but he manages to put down the whole town. There is nothing wrong with a quiet city. If Mr. Ward is looking for the excitement of more murders, I for one wish he would seek his entertainment elsewhere.

Now, while Mr. Ward teaches at the prestigious Hobart College, the peasants of Geneva, "sweaty blacks, Puerto Ricans and rednecks," are relegated to the lowly factories like American Can, Libby's and the Geneva Foundry.

In my opinion, this is bigoted stereotyping and utterly ridiculous. What we don't need is any more "prestigious" professors looking down their noses at the people who keep this country moving.

Charles Zeck Jr.
Geneva, New York

King's Richard

Rereading Larry King's remembrances of Richard Nixon in "The Long Goodbye" (September 6) makes me wonder, as much of the world does, how he continued to get elected and reelected. King's memoirs serve to exemplify my own thoughts on the man I view as one of America's leading disgraces.

David D. Fuller
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

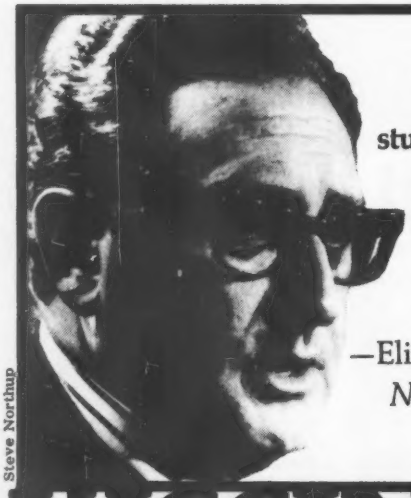
Blescramnu Review

Regarding your scrambled headline in "Clippings," September 20. It should read:

Ex-Cabbie Recalls Sleepy
Passenger Named Lindburgh
That was train agitsy eay sometime.

Ira Teinowitz
Hinsdale, Illinois

Editors Note: Thanks to the 20 readers who let us know they had blescramnued successfully



"This is the major study and biography, and will probably remain so until Mr. Kissinger writes his own."
—Eliot Fremont-Smith, *New York* Magazine

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Was Mike Royko victimized by a new Clifford Irving?
John Lennon probes John Mitchell

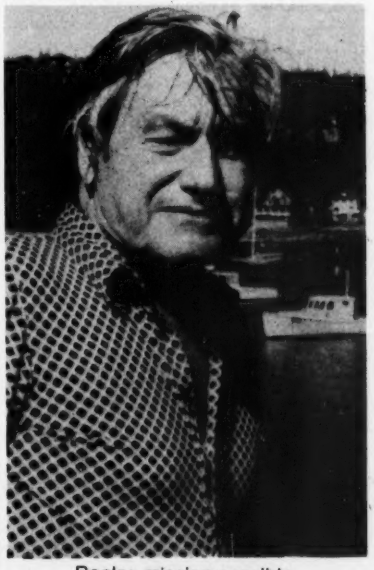
THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Rocky sees his opening

The Rockefeller staff, who have always been instructed to look ahead, are all smiles these days. They are all but certain that Rocky is going to be the next president. They even go so far as to suggest that Ford, who has been terribly shaken by his wife's cancer, might step down before 1976.

They are probably kidding themselves, however. It is not likely that Ford would resign, although he might well decide not to run in '76. And even if Ford opts out of the bicentennial sweepstakes, the Republican conservatives, people like Reagan and Goldwater who still command considerable power in the GOP, will give Rockefeller one hell of a fight at the convention.



Rocky: mission possible

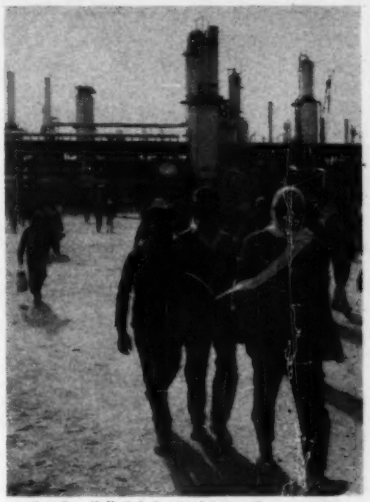
The Supreme Court gets into surveillance

It is no surprise any longer to anyone that the executive branch of the government has gone a bit haywire the last few years in the area of surveillance. What does come as something of a surprise is the news that an arm of the Supreme Court dabbled in undercover intelligence work as well. Last year, we have learned, a Supreme Court policeman attended a pro-abortion rally and, dressed in plainclothes and acting with the knowledge of his court police superiors, tape recorded parts of a speech given by Gloria Steinem.

The policeman was identified by a Supreme Court law clerk as Lt. James Zagami, one of the court's top three officers. The law clerk described Zagami as "acting as if he were a member of the press covering the speech." The Supreme Court's press officer, Barrett McGurn, has now confirmed the incident. He explained that the pro-abortion group had originally wanted to hold their rally on the Supreme Court grounds but were informed that this would not be allowed. The rally then moved across the street to the Capitol grounds. "As a precautionary measure, at his own discretion and without the knowledge of court officials outside the police," McGurn says, Zagami followed the group across the street and "tape recorded parts" of the speech.

Some court sources, however, are dubious about McGurn's disclaimer of higher-ups' knowledge. In recent years Zagami has apparently been furnished with much expensive camera equipment and one of his duties has been to take pictures of suspicious-looking characters when Chief Justice Warren Burger goes for a walk.

—Nina Totenberg



Arab oil field: hot piece of property

An oil incursion?

Talk in diplomatic circles is increasing about the serious possibility of landing troops in Arab nations to seize oil fields. Most talk comes from Western European nations which depend almost exclusively on foreign imports of oil for their industrial existence. European diplomats figure their countries can survive for a couple of years with austerity measures. But after that, if there is no reduction in oil prices, they say military action may be the only solution.

And back in the States, Pentagon sources say that the White House has ordered the military to update contingency plans for a possible takeover of Arab oil fields by the U.S. These plans have been in existence since the mid-1950s, when it appeared America might have to intervene on behalf of Israel. Now they are being brushed up with an eye toward how best to seize the oil fields in case of an embargo or unreasonably high prices. Asked for his assessment of the military

situation in any such takeover, a Defense Department source said that "it would be a disaster. There's no way we could protect that whole operation from guerrilla attack and we'd be left with a lot of useless machinery."

Tricky Jerry

Officials at the Republican National Committee are steaming over what they see as a return to Nixonian politics by Jerry Ford. Nixon regularly angered GOP officials by giving tacit or direct support to conservative Democrats at the expense of their Republican opponents. Now Ford is pulling the same trick on Judy Petty, the GOP challenger to Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills.

Mills: a little help from Jerry

The White House has quietly put out the word that Ford does not want a major challenge launched against Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Reason? Ford wants to enlist Mills in White House efforts to control inflation and wants no part of the man who would succeed Mills if the chairman lost—Representative Al Ullman, an Oregon liberal. The White House has even sent Treasury Secretary William Simon out to "confer" with Mills in Arkansas, a visit that was more a campaign trip than a conference. Despite these pro-Mills efforts by the leader of her own party, Petty is doing well against the incumbent and is given the best shot in years at upsetting Mills.

A gay mafia in the GSA?

Congressional investigators are looking into charges of a homosexual ring and massive political influence in top echelons of the General Services Administration, the anonymous landlord of all government buildings. "We think there may be a whole ring of homosexuals at the very top of the GSA," said one investigator, "and we think that these people are punishing and harassing straights right out of their jobs."

A high-grade GSA employee says he has heard the same things, though he has no proof. Proof has been presented, however, that the Nixon administration had exerted heavy political pressure on civil service employees in the GSA. Six people already have been disciplined—albeit not very severely—for soliciting political contributions from civil service employees. Now the question rumbling around in some people's heads is this: did top Nixon administration officials know about this alleged homosexual ring in the GSA, and did they use this information to blackmail GSA employees into readily accepting improper government expenditures on Nixon's private homes while he was president?

Kennedy distaffs West Point

For several years now, the military services have been saying that they cannot accept women at the service academies because, among other things, there are no women's living facilities at the schools. But Sen. Edward M. Kennedy has launched a sneak attack on the military. He recently introduced and won passage of Senate legislation authorizing the construction of facilities to permit the admission of women to West Point and the Naval and Air Force academies. Not that Sen. Kennedy isn't himself a dedicated male chauvinist. Until recently Kennedy did not have even one woman among his top professional staff.

MEDIA

CBS recognizes women

The women at CBS are moving up. Correspondent Leslie Stahl has been assigned to cover the Western states election campaigns. If she delivers her usual excellent work, she is expected to be named one of CBS' four floor reporters at the 1976 presidential nominating conventions. Connie Chung, too, has gotten a plum, with her new assignment to cover Nelson Rockefeller as vice-president. On the other side, Dan Rather is already preparing for another coup: he has lined up an interview with Fidel Castro.

CBS correspondent Chung: come a long way

Stealing in style

"I had never thought that the typewriter could be used as a burglary tool," Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko started off an unusually biting column of his recently. "But a New York writer has used his in the greatest literary ripoff since Clifford Irving's caper. I know, because I'm the victim."

Royko was talking about Robert Vare, whose newly published book *Buckeye*, about Ohio State's celebrated football coach Woody Hayes, was recently excerpted in three national magazines, including *New Times*, and ran as a Book of the Month alternative. The book paints a dictatorial portrait of Hayes, lambasts the local press for puffing the coach, and criticizes college football in general as too political and over-obsessed with winning. In football-crazed Ohio, at any rate, the book is very controversial.

But that's not what bothered Royko, who is well known himself for punching and needling the powerful. Vare, according to Royko, had stolen phrases, sentence constructions, literary devices—in short, style—right out of the first chapter of his best-selling book about Mayor Daley, *Boss*, which

Royko: literary mugging victim?

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came out three years ago. To prove his point, Royko laid out 14 of Vare's sentences up against 14 of his. While at first the similarities seemed marginal, by sheer accumulation they did indeed start to look suspicious. For example:
Boss: Wherever he looks as he marches, there are new skyscrapers up or going up. The city has become an architect's delight.
Buckeye: Everywhere he looks as he drives, gleaming new buildings are up or going up. He likes to boast about how beautiful the campus is.
Boss: None of the new buildings were there before. His leadership put them there, his confidence, his energy.
Buckeye: None of these fine modern buildings was there before he came. He believes his hard work helped put them there, his winning.

Royko conceded that Vare had only rifled through one of his chapters, but then added that Vare had also ripped off some phrases from a colleague of his, Bob Greene, a columnist for the *Sun Times*. Greene quickly followed up with a column of his own—"a direct steal from Mike Royko"—comparing sentences from stories he had done on Hayes and Frank Sinatra with sentences in a later Vare chapter.

Vare: how can you steal cliches?

Needless to say, Vare, 29, who had just embarked on a promotion tour for this, his first book, is upset. While he admits he has read both *Boss* and Greene's article about Woody Hayes, he denies flatly that he wrote the book with their material in mind. "It would be the dumbest thing in the world for me to plagiarize a best seller," Vare says. Nevertheless, he does agree there are "some superficial stylistic similarities" between *Boss* and *Buckeye* for which he has three possible explanations: first, the structure of both their first chapters is the familiar literary device of "the day in the life of"; second, that the two men, Daley and Hayes, are similar characters, both powerful and autocratic in their respective spheres; and third, that most of the sentences in question were cliches.

"Cliches?" Royko said when told of Vare's response. "I create my own cliches." But Royko is dead serious about this one—to the point where he is considering some kind of legal action against Vare on grounds of infringement of copyright.

Vare, who says he would prefer to work out a meeting with the two Chicagoans to resolve what could be more than a $100,000 misunderstanding—"this could be potentially damaging to the book"—says it is possible that his lawyers might sue Royko and Greene for libel and slander. "But what bothers me the most," Vare adds, "is that this charge of piracy could totally obscure the very real and legitimate issues I raise in the book."

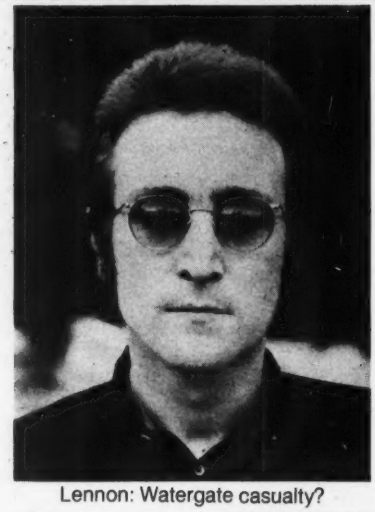
Barring suits and countersuits, Royko's latest suggestion is "to pick a panel of 12 professional writers, who don't know either of us, hand them the chapters and say, 'You read them and tell us what's what.' "

—Thomas Moore

THE WORD

The Watergate-Beatles connection

That's the latest from the era that's brought us Plumbers, milk funds, IRS perversions and so much more. The case is the one involving John Lennon, about to be deported from America on the basis of a stale British marijuana conviction. Puzzled by the Immigration Service's determination to give Lennon the boot at a time when alleged Nazis living here have been getting the other cheek, Lennon's friends—who now include the ACLU—have been digging up evidence which suggests that Lennon's problem runs a whole lot deeper than grass. A series of sworn depositions indicate that Immigration was set to drop the charges against Lennon in 1972 when John Mitchell, angered over Lennon's antiwar activities, put a bad word in. Of course Mitchell as attorney general had no legal jurisdiction in the matter (the Immigration Service is part of the State Department); but legalities never mattered much in the Nixon administration—especially where matters of the heart were concerned—and Mitchell-freaks will recall his expressing a preference for even Bolsheviks over domestic war critics.



Lennon: Watergate casualty?

Unfortunately, a federal court has slapped an injunction on the Mitchell research, temporarily stopping the probe on the grounds that it might give Mitchell a bad name before the start of his upcoming Watergate trial—especially among Beatles fans who may be among the prospective jurors. But with perhaps the last of the great Watergate spectacles underway, we should all get the final word on the Lennon-Mitchell story before too long.

If Lennon proves the Mitchell connection, he'll be home free—having qualified under the most contemporary test of American citizenship. And we'll have yet another addition to a collection of horror stories that's quickly outstripping Poe and Hitchcock.

—Paul Levinson

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Nixon's radical chaser bags a whopper

By Michael Drosnin

Guy Goodwin, the Torquemada of the Nixonian Inquisition, has had a long run of bad luck in court, but now he has Timothy Leary as his star witness

Four years ago, Timothy Leary walked into Chicago's steel and glass Federal Building to obtain a passport. He said his name was William J. McMillan. No one suspected that 10 days earlier the short-haired, bespectacled "Salt Lake City businessman" had been liberated from a California prison by the Weather Underground. A few hours later, the high priest of acid was flying to Paris, en route to Algeria and freedom.

Now Leary has returned to the Federal Building in downtown Chicago. Once more he is there to win his freedom—a mission made necessary by his January 1973 recapture. But this time his code name is Charlie Thrush. he is under protective custody of the U.S. Marshal's Office, and he is testifying before a special grand jury against the radicals who engineered his 1970 jailbreak. In exchange for turning informer, Leary hopes to get a speedy parole and avoid further prosecution.

Call it '70s psychedelic, but it's no hallucination: Leary has turned informer. And his guide on this, his most recent of innumerable trips and transfigurations, is none other than Guy Goodwin, the political prosecutor at the Justice Department who for five years chased radicals for Richard Milhous Nixon. A shadowy figure with a passion for anonymity, Goodwin has escaped general notoriety while handling nearly all the best-known conspiracy cases of the Nixon era. It was he who brought indictments against the priests and nuns in the Berrigan-Kissinger kidnap plot, the Camden 28 draft board raiders and the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (aka the Gainesville 8). It was he who hauled Leslie Bacon before a Seattle grand jury in his futile search for the Capitol bombers, who vainly hunted the culprits who made off with the Media, Pa., FBI files, and who has relentlessly pursued the Weatherpeople with the dedication of a fanatic and the success of a Keystone cop.

In fact, Goodwin has lost all his major cases. Even when the defendants

Michael Drosnin's last piece for NEW TIMES *was on Rockefeller's drug law.*

concede their alleged "crimes"—as did the Camden 28, who were caught red-handed—they go free and the government ends up in the dock. But Goodwin himself is never there to be publicly embarrassed. He remains unknown, except to his would-be victims on the left, because he never appears in the courtroom during a trial. Sometimes he lurks around the courthouse, as he did in Gainesville, where he was spotted ducking into the FBI office, but he never ventured down the corridor to watch his case unravel. "I could just picture him," says a reporter who was there, "hiding down the hall, stamping his foot and crying, 'Curses, foiled again!' "

Goodwin does his work in the secret recesses of the grand jury chamber. As chief of the Justice Department's special litigation section, he has transformed the grand jury from a people's panel designed to insulate the accused from unjust prosecution into a tool of repression, harassment and intelligence gathering. "We have witnessed the birth of a new political animal—the kangaroo grand jury," warned Senator Ted Kennedy last year. "Spawned in a dark corner of the Department of Justice, [it is] a dangerous form of Star Chamber inquisition that is trampling the rights of American citizens from coast to coast." Goodwin and his staff have subpoenaed at least 1,000 witnesses to more than 100 grand juries convened in about 40 different states. Unable to convict in open court, he has managed to jail by contempt citation and ruin by indictment.

The 46-year-old former Wichita prosecutor hardly fits the image of grand inquisitor. His manner is prissy ("Oh, my goodness" is a favorite expression), his high-pitched voice reminiscent of Truman Capote, and his general bearing so fussy and fastidious that a hometown reporter described him as "a man who walks like he doesn't want to crush his socks." He is always well-pressed and immaculately groomed—a Kansas attorney remembers him as "one of the first men in town to dress, well, almost prettily." In Harrisburg a newspaper account said he "waltzed into the courthouse like Loretta Young," and demonstrators protesting a Detroit grand jury handed him a gay liberation button.

But in his element—the grand jury room—Goodwin is tough and effective. Witnesses summoned to be questioned by him are struck by his cold, blue eyes staring imperiously over half-frame bifocals, his total command of detail and his intimidating, withering hauteur. So in 1970 when the Mitchell Justice Department revived its Internal Security Division, moribund since the McCarthy era, with arch-conservative Robert C. Mardian at the helm, Goodwin was chosen field marshal. For three years they worked with Division 5, the domestic intelligence unit of the FBI, and the White House "Plumbers" to crush dissent. Goodwin's grand juries served as a cover for their operations, a means of laundering tainted evidence through interrogation, and, with subpoena and contempt powers, the best source of information on Movement activities. Mitchell and Mardian are gone now, themselves on trial, but Guy Goodwin remains.

And just when it seemed that Goodwin had finally run out of radicals to chase, along came guru-informer Timothy Leary, ready to turn in his old friends—by happy circumstance, Goodwin's old enemies. It is truly an alliance worthy of the new decade. "A hippie Watergate," in the words of Allen Ginsberg.

Leary's strange journey to Goodwin's secret chamber began on September 12, 1970, the foggy Saturday night he escaped California's San Luis Obispo Prison, where he was serving a 20-year term on two marijuana convictions: 10 years for smuggling less than half an ounce from Mexico to Laredo, Texas, 10 more for possession of two roaches a cop found in the ashtray of his car.

After months of plotting with the Weatherpeople, Leary donned his black-painted sneakers and simply walked out an unlocked door of the minimum security prison. Once in the exercise yard, he climbed a tree, dropped off onto the tar-paper jailhouse roof, and tiptoed across to a 40-foot cable that spanned the 12-foot-high barbed-wire-topped fence surrounding the prison. With hooked ankles and gloved hands, he began to monkey his way out. But Leary had failed to complete a suggested body-building regimen. In his book *Confessions of a Hope Fiend,* he recounts the ordeal:

"It was hard going. The cable bouncing and swinging. A strain to hang on. After fifty pulls a pause. Horrid discovery. Completely exhausted. Lungs gasping. Legs tangled. Arms drained of energy. Body limp and weak. Can't go another foot. Only one-third across the wire. Nightmare thoughts. Will they poke me down like a wild raccoon with sticks? Dangling, I had to laugh. I wanted Errol Flynn and came out Harold Lloyd."

But Leary made it, slid down a utility pole, and waited in a roadside ditch until the Weatherpeople came to pick him up. Now he is detailing for Goodwin's grand jury how they took him north to Seattle, frequently changing cars, while confederates "hid" his prison uniform in a gas station washroom south along the highway to Los Angeles. Sources say Leary's testimony names fugitive underground leaders, among them Bernadine Dohrn and Mark Rudd, whom he says transported him cross-country to Chicago, evading a nationwide manhunt while they transformed his appearance and supplied him with forged credentials.

For the next two years, Leary remained at large in Algeria, then moved on to Switzerland, where he met world traveler Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who has since changed her name to Leary and is playing a key role as co-informer (see following story). From Switzerland, they flew to Austria, and finally Afghanistan. But when they arrived at Kabul International Airport, U.S. narcotics agents were waiting. Leary was deported back to Los Angeles.

Drug Enforcement Administration agent Don Strange met the plane and took Leary back into custody. There is strong evidence that Leary began cooperating with authorities almost immediately upon his reincarceration. A year and a half ago, he told his lawyer that he was talking with federal officials to see what could be done to ease his parole, and last December he met alone for three hours with the chief narcotics prosecutor in the San Francisco U.S. Attorney's office. But it appears that Leary revealed little until Strange finally responded to his repeated pleas for a meeting four months ago. Leary was immediately transferred from a state to a federal prison, and has been moved several times since under the code name Thrush. Officials say he is kept secluded; informers are not popular with other inmates.

Is Leary a reverse Patty Hearst who has come to identify with his captors? Or is he simply telling them what they want to hear? In a two-hour, video-taped interview with Strange, the ex-Harvard psychologist who advised a generation to "turn on, tune in, drop out," repudiates his past, denouncing both drugs and the radical left. "Leary is remorseful," says a DEA spokesman. "He realizes he was a sinner, and finally recognizes the destruction he wrought." In the film, Leary reportedly claims he was "just a naive college professor" duped by hippies, and expresses his admiration for Strange and his colleagues. "The Feds," he says "are the only ones who haven't tried to rip me off." Off camera, Leary named names. He had nothing new to offer the DEA on drug dealings, but he did have a lot to say about the Weather Underground.

Enter Guy Goodwin. True convert or scheming squealer, Leary offered Goodwin what he most desired—a chance to vindicate himself and get back at the

U.S. Prosecutor Guy Goodwin (1) and some of his less credible informers: William Lemmer (top mid) against the Vietnam Veterans in Gainesville; Boyd Douglas (top r) against the Harrisburg 7; Robert Brady (lower mid) against the Camden 28; and Timothy Leary (lower r) against the Weatherpeople.

Weatherpeople. A year earlier Goodwin had to drop the biggest case of his career, the bombing conspiracy prosecution of 15 Weatherpeople. For three years he had barnstormed the country, subpoenaing scores of witnesses to appear before at least seven grand juries in Tucson, Cleveland, Madison, San Francisco and Seattle, capping it all with a final mass indictment in Detroit. But before the case could come to trial, a federal judge issued an unprecedented order. He commanded the government to disclose if the FBI, CIA, the White House or any other agency had used burglaries, sabotage, illegal wiretaps, agents provocateurs or other "espionage" against the defendants. Rather than comply, the government dropped all charges.

Leary's unexpected turn was a godsend. Not only could he give Goodwin another crack at the elusive, nose-thumbing Weatherpeople—who publicly proclaimed their responsibility for a string of bombings (and Leary's emancipation)—but he could also help even other old scores. Sources close to the case say Leary has implicated several leftist lawyers, all of whom have repeatedly crossed swords with Goodwin. One key target is a prominent San Francisco attorney whom Leary claims arranged the jailbreak with a $25,000 payment to the Weatherpeople put up by an alleged kingpin of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. (The Brotherhood, according to the government, was a hippie mafia dealing massive quantities of hashish and LSD until it was raided in 1972.)

The San Francisco lawyer named by Leary has long since earned Goodwin's enmity. He has successfully represented several radicals indicted by Goodwin and at least half a dozen witnesses who refused to cooperate with his grand juries. An important figure in the left-wing National Lawyer's Guild, the attorney also helped devise a Movement strategy against Goodwin's grand jury techniques.

Leary, of course, is not an entirely creditable witness. In his last court appearance, at his own escape trial, he pleaded a novel form of diminished capacity—"unconsciousness" brought on by acid flashbacks, the result of 700 admitted LSD trips he had hoped would raise his consciousness. "Most of the time I am not Dr. Timothy Leary," he further testified. "When behind the wheel of a Chevrolet, I am a Chevrolet; when driving a Pontiac, I am a Pontiac." At that trial, which ended in his conviction, Leary also said under oath, "I have written 17 versions of the escape."

And in a dress rehearsal for the Chicago case, Leary did not fare well with an Orange County, California, grand jury. There he testified against the lawyer who defended him without pay in the two-roach case, accusing him of smuggling marijuana into his jail cell. "I visited Tim three months earlier, and he indicated nothing but love and flowers," said the stunned Santa Ana attorney, George Chula, who was indicted last month. However, the indictment was ultimately based not on Leary's testimony but on Joanna's. According to reliable sources, she hid a policeman in a closet to peer out and observe her alleged dealings with Chula. The California jurors struck from the prepared indictment all of Leary's charges.

Leary's poor performance in that trial run is unlikely to faze Goodwin. "He'd never admit to any weakness in a case," says a former Wichita colleague. "If he's got one witness—even if the defense can show the man is psychotic and he's perjured himself eight times—Guy will keep that witness on the stand."

Which is exactly what Goodwin has done in most of his major federal prosecutions. Timothy Leary merely joins a long list of questionable informers, themselves prime movers in the alleged conspiracies Goodwin has sought to punish:

• In Harrisburg, where the Rev. Philip Berrigan and six others were charged with plotting to kidnap Henry

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVAN MEYEROWITZ

People Investigating Leary's Lies (PILL) press conference in San Francisco last month: l to r: Jerry Rubin, Ken Kelley, Allen Ginsberg, Ram Dass, Jack Leary.

Kissinger and blow up Washington, D.C., heating tunnels, it was Boyd F. Douglas Jr. A bad-check artist and con man, Douglas was serving three concurrent five-year terms for forgery and armed assault when he befriended the jailed antiwar priest. It was he who passed the letters between Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister that formed the basis of the government's case. Douglas also offered the nun a gun for the abduction of Kissinger, and gave ROTC explosives manuals to another defendant.

• In Camden, where the charge was destruction of draft board files, it was Robert Hardy. He later testified that the raid could not have been carried out without the burglar tools that the FBI supplied him, and the expertise he supplied the 28 defendants. In fact, said Hardy, the entire project would have been dropped had the FBI not urged him to encourage it.

• In Gainesville, where eight antiwar Vietnam veterans were accused of planning a violent assault on the 1972 Republican National Convention, it was William W. Lemmer. Lemmer, an exparatrooper with a history of mental instability who had been offered a psychiatric discharge by the Army, was simultaneously an FBI agent and a regional coordinator of the VVAW. He vowed vengeance on other members of the group for "stealing" his wife.

• And in the Detroit Weatherpeople case, it was Larry Grathwohl. An alleged participant in the bombings, Grathwohl was known within the group for his skill in handling explosives. He reportedly gave his comrades bomb-making lessons, and often chided them for their lack of militancy. According to ex-Weatherman Robert Burlingham, Grathwohl once announced at a meeting, "True revolutionaries have to be ready and anxious to kill people."

A Justice Department spokesman conceded that Goodwin may have been in direct contact with Grathwohl, an FBI informer and agent provocateur, though only to give him "legal advice." The spokesman denied a New York *Times* report that Grathwohl for years reported his undercover activities directly to Goodwin, who was prosecuting Weatherpeople cases at the same time. Such a relationship, said the spokesman, would be against department policy. Grathwohl, who is in hiding under an assumed name, could not be reached.

Goodwin's rag-tag army of informers has been more persuasive with grand juries than in open court, where they are subject to cross-examination. All the above cases ended in acquittals or dismissals. But while Goodwin's tactics may transform radicals into martyrs, increasing their appeal (liberals love their heroes to suffer), his prosecutions have also sapped the time, energy, morale and financial resources of the left. It is entirely possible that he is less interested in convictions than in diverting radicals from their appointed rounds and amassing information on their activities.

Power corrupts, and power wielded in secret corrupts absolutely. A federal prosecutor can subpoena anyone, anytime, to appear before a grand jury anywhere. There is no limit on the number of witnesses he can call, the number of questions he can ask, and virtually no bounds on the nature of the inquiries. The witness enters the chamber alone; there is no defense counsel. He need not be told the crime under investigation, or even if he is a potential defendant. A grant of immunity is not a guarantee against later prosecution, only an assurance that the witness' own testimony cannot be used against him. Refusal to testify may be punished by contempt, with a possible jail sentence of 18 months. Upon release, the same witness may be called before a new jury, asked the same questions and jailed again.

A man like Guy Goodwin can do a lot with a system like that. And he does. In May 1972 he summoned Sylvia Brown, a 21-year-old Barnard student, cross-country to Seattle right before her final exams. He asked her 24 questions like this one:

"I am going to read you a list of names and I want you to tell the grand jury every occasion during the years 1971 and 1972 when you have had any contact with the individuals whose names I give you, describing for the grand jury when the contact was, where it was and what was said and done on each occasion."

A list of 18 names followed. (Consider Leary's response to such an inquiry.) "If I had wanted to answer that question, I couldn't have," says Sylvia. In fact, she refused to cooperate at all, was held in

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contempt and briefly jailed.

In a 1970 Tucson inquiry into an alleged dynamite purchase, Goodwin's first important political grand jury, he had five young Los Angeles residents summoned 900 miles and within 36 hours had all of them behind bars for declining to answer this question and others like it:

"I want you to describe for the jury every occasion during the year 1970 when you have been in contact with, attended meetings that were conducted by, or been any place where any individual spoke whom you knew to be associated with or affiliated with SDS, the Weathermen, the Communist Party, or any other organization advocating the overthrow of the United States, describing for the grand jury when the incidents occurred, who was present, and what was said by all members present there, and what you did at the times you were in those meetings, groups, associations, or conversations."

The five recalcitrant witnesses, who were subpoenaed after the target of the investigation had already been indicted, were jailed for seven months. Freed when the grand jury expired, they were immediately recalled to a new grand jury and asked the same questions. Three gave in and testified.

In Harrisburg, Goodwin had a 52-year-old nun, Sister Jogues Egan, locked up for refusing to answer his questions. She got out in three days, but in Camden, Pat and Bruce Grumbles were jailed 14 months for contempt—a record. When they sought court relief midway through their terms, Goodwin demanded they be sent back to prison. Pat says that while incarcerated she was stabbed and beaten, and her husband raped. Neither they, nor any of the other witnesses, were accused of any crime—except their unwillingness to cooperate with Goodwin.

When witnesses do cooperate, Goodwin uses their information to call still more persons to testify, creating a sort of grand jury relay system that never ends. From such broad interrogations, he has built up a vast store of Movement trivia, which, given the chance, he proudly displays. The night of the Camden draft board bust, Goodwin was on hand at 4:30 a.m. to personally greet the arrested raiders. "Minutes after the Feds came storming through the doors and windows, the lights went on and Goodwin, elegantly dressed, as usual, came sauntering in with a big grin," recalls Kathleen Ridolfi, one of the 28 defendants. "He said hello to each of us individually, called me by my nickname, Cookie, and asked if my brother still played the drums. I'd never seen the man before in my life."

Cookie Ridolfi and her cohorts were not the only ones surprised that morning. U.S. Attorney Herbert Stern was awakened by a 6:00 a.m. phone call from a reporter, who informed him that his office had a major new case. Stern, an independent prosecutor out of favor with the Nixon team, simply could not believe such a major operation had been launched in his district, with the aid of one of his assistants, without his knowledge. He was later to discover that Goodwin had "deputized" a member of his office, sworn him to secrecy, and specifically instructed him not to tell Stern anything about the investigation. Outraged, he at first refused to handle the case, but pressured by Washington, finally relented. Stern, now a federal judge, denies it, but sources say he took his revenge by assigning incompetent assistants to try the case, which ended in an acquittal party staged by jurors and defendants.

In that case, Goodwin merely demonstrated his arrogance in bending the rules of propriety. In Gainesville, he may well have broken the law. There, Goodwin apparently lied under oath when he denied that Emerson Poe, an FBI agent, was an informer. His sworn statement, according to defense counsels, allowed Poe to sit in on their strategy meetings. But during the trial, Poe testified for the prosecution and said that at the time Goodwin denied he was an informer, he was in fact reporting daily to his FBI contact. In an interview with *New Times*, Poe said that he met with Goodwin both in the Gainesville U.S. Attorney's office and at his motel several times prior to the trial. "Of course Goodwin was aware I was working with the FBI," said Poe. "We were going over what I would say on the stand at the trial." Lawyers from the Center for Constitutional Rights have filed suit against Goodwin asking $1.5 million damages on behalf of the VVAW and the appointment of a special prosecutor to bring Goodwin to trial for perjury.

Leary is not an entirely creditable witness. At his last trial, he pleaded "unconsciousness"

There is some evidence that the entire VVAW prosecution was Goodwin's contribution to a Nixon administration plan to justify the Watergate break-in by fabricating a nonexistent conspiracy tying the antiwar veterans to the McGovern campaign. James McCord, later convicted for his role in that burglary, first floated the trial balloon by claiming it was necessary to keep tabs on the Democrats in order to prevent VVAW violence against the Republicans. Although Goodwin's case was based on an infiltrated veterans' meeting that occurred in May, he did not convene a grand jury until after the June 17 break-in.

Whether or not Goodwin worked directly with the Plumbers is not known. But Plumber-type activities surface in many of his cases. At least a dozen lawyers representing radicals have reported suspicious break-ins. Gerald Lefcourt, a New York attorney who defended Weatherpeople, had his office set afire; the arson did little damage, but his file on Mark Rudd had been removed from its cabinet and its contents left scattered. Three other attorneys in the Detroit 15 case reported similar politically inspired burglaries, as did several defendants, their relatives and associated groups. Two illegal mail covers were also alleged in that case. And the government admitted it overheard 12,000 conversations through illegal wiretaps in just one segment of its investigation. Gainesville lawyer Carol Scott suffered a burglary at her office; the only thing taken was her file on Scott Camil, one of the VVAW leaders later indicted. William Bender, an attorney in the Harrisburg case, said his telephone was tapped, and offices of a Philadelphia defense committee associated with the case were ransacked.

It is not yet certain if the Leary case will lend comic relief or further tales of villainy to the Guy Goodwin saga. A wanted poster bearing his likeness that charges Goodwin with "conspiracy against the Peoples Movement" first circulated in the early 70s is being reissued. (Goodwin has an original hanging in his office.) And a new San Francisco-based organization, PILL—People Investigating Leary's Lies—held a press conference last month condemning both Goodwin and his latest informer. "Prosecutors like Goodwin to whom Leary sings, have conducted witch-hunts with False Witness before, is it not?" intoned Allen Ginsberg in a poetry reading at PILL's debut.

Indictments, if there are to be any, are expected by the end of this month. And the trial that would follow should prove fascinating: the government, straight-faced, presenting Timothy Leary as its key witness, and the left forced to denounce him as a dangerous doper. As for Leary, recently denied a parole until at least mid-1975, Ginsberg asks the timely question: "Will he be pardoned by the next guru?" ●

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Is Tim Leary's Joanna a narc?

By Rasa Gustaitis

It was the Watergate of the psychedelic community. Timothy Leary had hinted that he saw his karma as intertwined with that of the Nixon crowd, that he expected release from prison with Nixon's fall. But was it possible, really, that the High Priest of the '60s would now purchase his freedom by turning in friends?

Ever since May, when he was transferred from the California prison where he was doing a marijuana sentence to a federal institution, word had been spreading that Leary was informing authorities about former associates.

Out of the shock wave, a fog of paranoia arose. Reports about secret tape recordings and undercover perfidy traveled through the post-psychedelic subculture. Had Timothy become the tool for internal security witch hunters in the Justice Department? Some of the elders—Baba Ram Dass, Allen Ginsberg—advised caution, pointing out that no friend had succeeded in contacting Leary for four months. ("Should we stop trusting our friends like in a hotel room in Moscow?": Ginsberg wondered.) But almost 150 people—including radical lawyers and activists as well as Leary's wife Rosemary and his son Jack—published a denunciation of Leary. Behind the news and the ocean of rumors, however, loomed a question: what brought the 54-year-old wizard-philosopher to this pass?

Why, when all the other major rebel leaders are free (the Chicago Seven, the Berrigans, Angela Davis), did Leary not get out through the efforts of attorneys and friends?

One answer suggests that all such efforts were short-circuited by Joanna Leary (formerly Joanna D'Amecourt of Washington, D.C., Joanna Tambacopoulos of Athens, Joanna Harcourt-Smith of Switzerland and Spain) who, during these past two years, became Timothy's soul mate, his agent and sole firm connection with the world outside the prison walls. Joanna blazed into Leary's life just 28 days before he was seized by U.S. narcotics agents in Afghanistan and brought back to California to continue serving his sentence of six months to 10 years for marijuana possession. Joanna was brought along, courtesy of federal authorities, even though she was a British subject and had no charges against her. She remained married to John D'Amecourt, son of an aristocratic lady who deals in elegant Washington real estate, but she changed her name officially to Leary. From San Francisco, she ran a flashy but self-contradictory campaign for Leary's freedom. The name she had adopted was an instant password into the radical movement. She enchanted many but left few friends and much anger in her wake. Before her recent disappearance from the Bay Area, she was associating primarily with one man—a longtime Leary follower who has admitted informing on activities around him for the government. The passion of Joanna and Timothy for each other, however, was undeniable.

If the Aging Wizard of the Acid Age is dropping in, is he getting a little help from his dazzling friend?

"She's great, she's terrible, she's innocent, she's devious. She's the cosmic brat," said Michael Horowitz, Leary's archivist, longtime student and a rare book specialist. "But Timothy has been telling me all year that she was acting with his blessing and his strategy."

What was that strategy? Joanna dashed around the country to Leary benefits. She told her audiences that Leary's attorneys, Melvin Belli's associates Bill Choulos and Kent Russell, needed $250,000 for a proper court fight. Yet she declined aid in organizing a legal defense fund and never paid the attorneys. She sought publicity but then sabotaged it by failing to keep appointments or return important calls. She sought out people who were well-known in the subcultures in which Leary was loved and respected, then dropped them rudely. Demanding total control of any campaign in Leary's behalf, she short-circuited much of the energy she generated. One San Franciscan

The writer is a free lance who lives in San Francisco.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELLE VIGNES

who provided Joanna with an unconditional grant of $5,000 rued his decision when he concluded that "the trip she was on had little to do with getting him out of jail. It was a fantasy. I felt I had been done in by her brilliance and fast movement." Timothy called Joanna a comet and indeed she arrived with a dazzle.

Daughter of the late Cecyl Harcourt-Smith and of Polish-born Marysia Harcourt-Smith, she was born in San Moritz's Palace Hotel, educated in France and was traveling on a British passport. She liked to call herself a "planetarian creature." At the time she sought out Leary in his refuge in Switzerland, Joanna felt she'd done just about everything there was to do. She'd buddied around with the Rolling Stones, acted in a small film, been around with international playboys, aristocrats, artists and writers. Behind her was a marriage in Greece and a daughter left with the father. Her current marriage had brought a son—and boredom.

On a visit to New York she chanced upon an old friend—Michel-Gustave Hauchard, an international wheeler-dealer of tangled background who at that moment was dealing with Leary and exacting heavy terms. He had a copyright to Leary's book, *Confessions of a Hope Fiend*, and half of the $250,000 in royalties from Bantam Books. He had also acquired a Swiss contract giving him rights to all Leary's work till 1985. (Although dubious, this contract has effectively prevented Leary from being published by major houses.) In exchange, Hauchard had promised to help Leary stay in Switzerland, for Timothy Leary's stay was tenuous.

Besides the California and federal sentences, and a probable sentence for escape, Leary now faced an indictment in Orange County, Calif., in the dope smuggling case against the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The government claimed he was the granddaddy of a hippy mafia. (That indictment would be dropped without explanation in 1974 by the county district attorney.) Leary was trapped in exile.

Intrigued by what she heard, Joanna left husband and small son behind and flew to Europe to meet Dr. Leary. It was, it appeared, a case of instant love. Together, the two of them left Switzerland for Austria, then departed toward Ceylon with a brief stopover in Kabul to celebrate Joanna's 27th birthday. Kabul was definitely uncool. It was a reputed source of hashish oil for the Brotherhood. Narcotics agents were abundant. Leary and Joanna's passports were snatched away at the airport and they were escorted back to L.A. Why was the U.S. government so generous as to take Joanna along? Was it the magic energy generated by their perfect love?

After Leary's trial and sentence to five more years, Joanna settled in San Francisco so she could visit him in Folsom Prison and later in Vacaville. Again that apparent magic worked for her. She tacked a note on a bulletin board on Telegraph Hill, asking for an apartment. And though many such notes hang ignored till they turn yellow, hers brought a quick response. The apartment was in a dead-end alley, with one entrance that was easily observable from neighboring houses. Through this entrance, in the months of 1973, trooped filmmakers, dealers, activists, journalists, seekers and devotees. Most of them were unaware of something Joanna and Timothy both knew—that one of the people there had been informing on the scene for the government.

Joanna Leary greets her mother after visiting Leary in Folsom Prison.

Dennis Martino was devoted to both Joanna and Timothy. He was family: his brother had married Leary's daughter Susan. He'd been around the folks of the Brotherhood before their indictment and had been with Leary in Switzerland and in Kabul. He'd agreed to inform in a bargain for his own freedom, and owned up to that fact in an affidavit executed with Leary's attorneys. Keeping him around seemed to fit with Leary's thinking at the time. "Joanna and I operate on the assumption that everyone knows everything, anyway," he had recently written. "There is nothing and no way to hide. This is the acid message. . . . Joanna and I laugh at government bugging. Let the poor, deprived, bored creatures listen to our conversations, tape our laughter, study our transmissions. Maybe it will turn them on. Perhaps they'll get the message our loveshine transmits: there is nothing to fear."

Many people were drawn, both by a desire to help Leary and by the energy Joanna radiated. But few stayed long—except Dennis.

She spent profusely on restaurants, taxicabs, long-distance calls and trips. When one loyal aide complained about a giant phone bill Joanna had run up in the aide's name, she scoffed at her concern.

Circumventing the contract with Hauchard, Joanna had Leary's new writings printed and distributed privately. She seemed to believe in his imminent release through some powers that had little to do with lawyers or friends.

In January of this year, she took a trip to Europe, partly to publicize a book about her by an Italian journalist. But when she saw the book she flew into a rage. Titled *How to Become a Star*, it suggested that you can do it by taking on Leary's name and bedding down with heroes of the counterculture.

It was after her return from that trip that Joanna dramatically shifted direction. "She cleared the decks, threw everyone out," said Horowitz. He was one of several people suddenly excluded from visits to Leary.

With Dennis and Dennis's lady, Robin Viertel, Joanna moved to a secluded house partway up Mt. Tamalpais, a short drive from the city. It was an expensive home, newly rebuilt with a huge Japanese tub, lots of stained glass and natural wood. Joanna seemed suddenly to have a lot of money. Associates recall mention of an inheritance or, perhaps, the sudden generosity of some member of her family. Still, according to Kent Russell, no money came his way.

Robin Viertel moved out in early May. On or about June 1, while Dennis and Joanna were in southern California, she entered the house with two companions and removed various objects includ-

ing three phone and address books, some film and about a dozen tapes. She and her companions planned to give back this stuff in exchange for $20,000.

Dennis and Joanna agreed to meet for that purpose in a San Francisco hotel. But there Robin and Charles DeWald were met also by police who charged them with extortion "by threat to expose a secret . . . and do unlawful injury to property," and with burglary.

Later, Ms. Viertel testified that the tapes of telephone and other conversations included reference to a "Frank caper." She said she understood that this caper involved the payment by an LSD manufacturer named Franklin of $60,000 for a suitcase he mistakenly believed contained ergotamine tartarate. However, the tapes apparently did not contain information showing that the transaction occurred, nor did Ms. Viertel's testimony clearly allege that it did.

Jerry Rubin, one of the Chicago Seven, said he had information that another tape told of Leary's prison escape and implicated an attorney. Though it was allegedly made in Vienna in 1972, he said, there is evidence that it was, in fact, produced later.

Joanna vanished, asked associates to forward mail to D'Amecourt in Washington and to close the Mill Valley house and a San Francisco office. Leary was moved from the California Medical Facility on May 24. Officials wouldn't say why. A week later, Joanna dropped in at Horowitz's to request some material from the archives to be used in preparing Leary's upcoming parole hearing and an appeal. He gave what he thought appropriate in establishing Leary's reputation as a research scientist and in prison rehabilitation work. On July 25 Horowitz expected Joanna to pick up an "Apologia" he had prepared, in elegant booklet form, as an aid to the Leary defense. It stressed his scientific work, his continuing research and his status as a philosopher imprisoned for his ideas.

When Joanna appeared, however, she showed small interest in the "Apologia." She came with five men identified as "contacts" for the Scotch Microcopy Co. (which later disclaimed knowledge of them or the incident) and with a letter from Timothy, dated seven days before, on Terminal Island:

"These men are helping us microfilm all of my archives from Springfield, Mass. [Leary's birthplace], to Terra II [title of his last published book]. Will you please turn over to them *all* of the files!"

The signature was undeniably Leary's but the request was so incredible that Horowitz argued with Joanna for almost two hours. The procedure was improper, he told her. The files were confidential. Leary could have been under duress when he signed.

Two of Joanna's companions lounged before the TV, three others sat outside in a panel truck with a two-way radio. Horowitz finally became convinced that "they would go to any lengths to get the files." He extracted a written pledge that their confidentiality would be safeguarded, then watched the men cart off 12 file drawers of Leary's papers. "I knew there was nothing incriminating in them," said Horowitz. "They were legitimate scientific records. I was concerned in the Orwellian sense–that there were names there–of people involved in activities public and private–which would go into some kind of central computer and might expose them to some kind of harassment."

After the group left, Horowitz dashed off a note to the U.S. attorney in San Francisco, describing the seizure and asking for immediate return of the files. He received a curt reply that the request had been genuine and that "therefore, it would not appear that the present whereabouts of the papers is your concern."

On Sept. 4, however, George Chula, one of Leary's former lawyers and his friend, was indicted in Orange County for furnishing small quantities of cocaine and marijuana, during June and July, to Joanna. Witnesses before the grand jury were Timothy, Joanna and some peace officers. Leary's testimony had not been used in the indictment. But it seemed pretty clear that Joanna had set up the bust.

WIDE WORLD

Rosemary–the real Mrs. Leary–and husband out for a stroll in 1969.

Until the news surfaced that Leary was talking and naming names, that was the last former associates heard of either Timothy or Joanna. Theories mushroomed. Was Joanna an agent of others as well as of Leary? Had she gone from Washington to Switzerland on assignment?

At a recent press conference of those in San Francisco investigating "Leary's lies," Ginsberg asked, "What was Joanna's possessive role, isolating him from decade-old supporters and friends, using up all his crucial legal defense money? Remember when I suggested [during a visit with Joanna to Folsom Prison] that she might be some sort of police agent he turned to her asking, 'What do you say?' She looked at him and answered, 'Oh, he [Ginsberg] just hates women.' "

Russell, who said he hadn't heard from his client for weeks, suggested that "these are dealing times" and that Leary might have a clever game in mind that would injure nobody very badly. After all, he pulled off some shocking changes before, had been discredited several times and still survived. His Harvard colleagues turned away from him as he turned into a psychedelic media-priest. His psychedelic friends were stunned when he wrote "shoot to live" in a message that seemed to be the price for help out of jail in 1970 by the Weather underground.

The dominant fear was, however, that the government could use him to unleash another wave of harassment by grand juries against radical movements; or that it might use him to build a case against some grand conspiracy, as they had in the Brotherhood case.

"Tim and I always disagreed on one thing," said Baba Ram Dass, formerly Leary's Harvard colleague, Richard Alpert, and then his companion at Millbrook, "on whether the ends and the means are the same. I think they are. I love Tim very dearly, but I think my dance with him is about over–for this round."

From the heartland of Oregon, Ken Kesey reflected: "I feel bad about it. Nobody's a superman. After a certain length of time, you'll do anything– not to say that he has–but . . . I feel bad. The poor guy. I'm amazed there's still this much stuff mounted against him. They don't really have anything on him except that he's Leary.

"There could be five theories about it all. But none of them really reflect on who Leary is. Long after people forget who Spiro Agnew was, or Gordon Liddy, Leary will be in the history books. His mark is ineradicable." ●

Sam Lovejoy's nuclear war

(a New Age morality play in three acts)

By Stephen Diamond

Act One: The Tower

"I don't think there will be another nuclear power plant built in this country after five years. I think there is going to be the biggest environmental, legal, legislative battle in the history of this country.

And what happened to the SST is going to be a spring picnic compared to the struggle which is coming forward on nuclear fission power."

—Ralph Nader, addressing the Western Governor's Conference, Sept. 1973.

Rising out of the soft green foothills of western Massachusetts, the tower looked like the perfect paranoid's harbinger of 21st-century technology. Five hundred feet tall, the aluminum-alloyed needle had been erected on the Montague Plains by Northeast Utilities Co. (NU) in advance of their construction of the largest nuclear reactors so far in this country, and in all probability, the Montague Twin Nukes (weighing in at 2,300 megawatts) would be the largest in the world.

The tower, designed to gather environmental data, sported a string of mercury vapor lamps; not your ordinary warning lights, these strobes were easily visible over a 30- or 40-mile radius in this once predominantly farming community.

Steve Diamond, author of What the Trees Said, *a book about the Liberation News Service farm in Massachusetts, is currently completing a novel on the legalization of dope.*

The icy electronic blinkers provided an adrenalin rush normally associated with a state trooper's blue bubble flashing up in one's rearview mirror. And the ominous strobes didn't help Sam Lovejoy's paranoia level as he embarked on his mission to sabotage the tower.

"The first time I laid eyes on it, I knew it would come down. It was just a gut reaction, instinctual, but I knew someone

When our protagonist, an organic communal farmer, first laid eyes on the nuclear test tower, he knew it had to come down. Only then, he didn't know he would be the one to do it

would topple it because the tower was symbolic of the way the power companies throw their weight around. It was a perfect symbol of that old Madison Avenue Dance. Five or six months before it happened, I knew it would, only then I wasn't so certain it would be *me* who did it."

Sometime around 2 a.m., on the morning of February 22nd, George Washington's Birthday, to be precise, Samuel Halden Lovejoy, graduate of Amherst College ('69) and a member of the farm commune family on Montague's Chestnut Hill, cut his way through snow-encrusted woods to the site of the tower. Like the zen archer, Lovejoy became both the arrow and the target; his total concentration was focused on that tower with those lights, and something of the commando, sent behind enemy lines to destroy a Nazi munitions depot, traveled with the young organic farmer like a hazy aura in a scratchy black-and-white war movie.

Dressed in dark clothing, save for the white, high-topped, fleet-foot sneakers, Sam Lovejoy carried the tools for the job wrapped in black electrical tape so they wouldn't clink against one another and give him away. If he were able to bring it down, to score a direct hit, Lovejoy would have achieved his purpose: to alert the slumbering population to the biological and environmental dangers which he foresaw in the proposed twin Nukes.

"What was happening was basically this: Montague is financially destitute, the town is broke. NU comes in and says, we're going to build these two Nukes for you all, worth 1.52 BILLION dollars. You know what that means to the town fathers in the form of land taxes from the utilities?"

Yeah, Sam Lovejoy had a vision, a strong, Thoreau-crazed vision that perhaps it was possible for one man, acting alone, to upset the billion-dollar technological juggernaut with its everlastingly deadly nuclear radiation wastes.

Lovejoy had done his homework

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

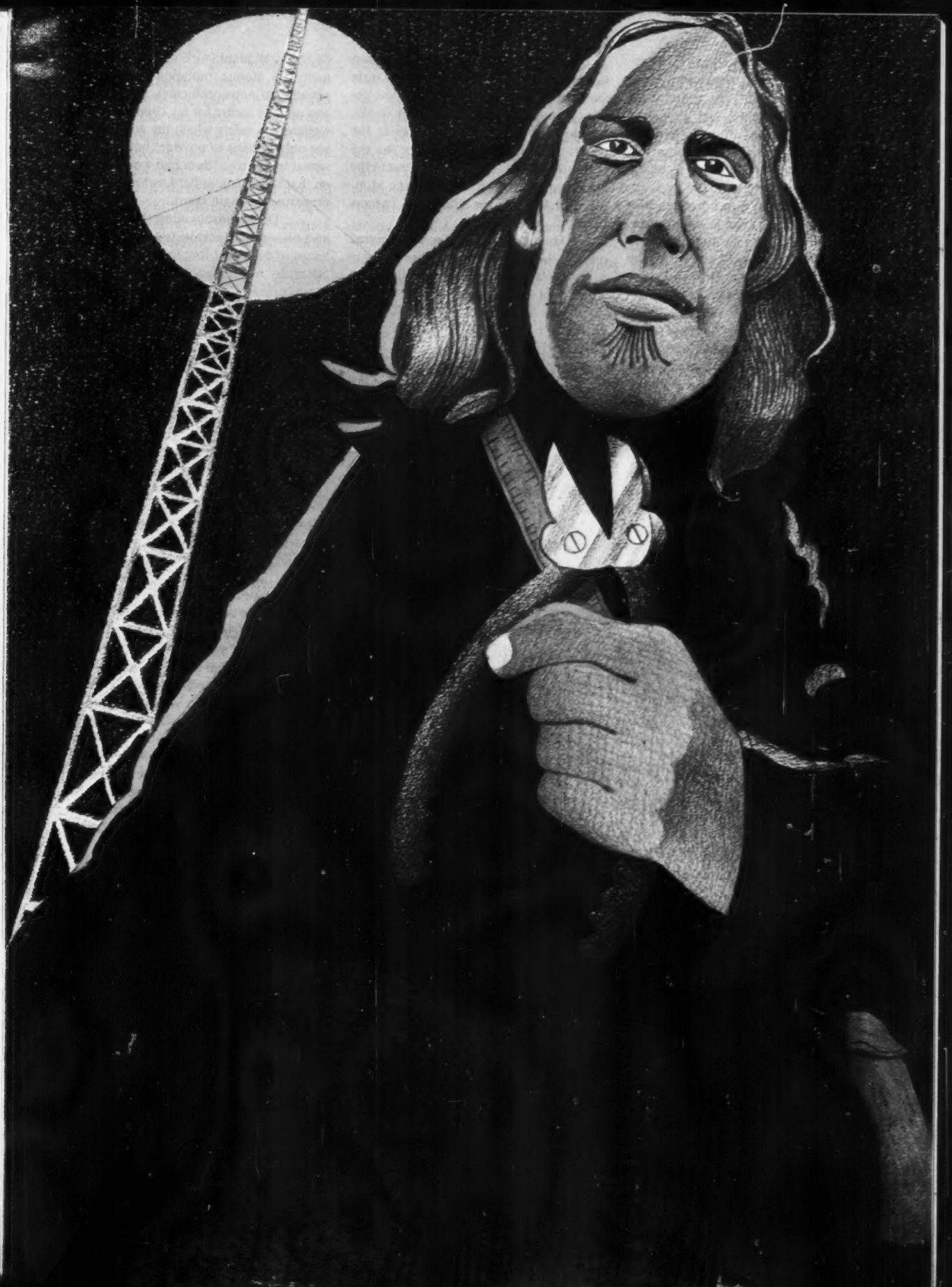

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

on nuclear power plants when it was announced that NU was considering Montague as a possible site. The communard piled up one outrageous fact on top of another—two standard byproducts of all nuclear fission reactors are Plutonium 239 and Strontium 90, both known cancer-inducing agents. Strontium 90 gets absorbed into the food chain when it settles on grass, cows eat it, and it gets concentrated in the milk. The farming commune where Sam Lovejoy has been living the past five years is big on milk and dairy products, and the thought of Strontium 90 in the milk is not very pleasant. After devouring several months' worth of information on Nukes and their short 15-year history, Lovejoy knew that strategically there was nothing to be done except topple the mother and take the whole thing into the courts.

With that acute perfectionism known to those born under the sign of Cancer, Sam Lovejoy had checked out the tower area thoroughly. No problem getting to it, no outer perimeter fence. But up close, there was an eight-foot-high cyclone fence which he would have to vault in order to undo the heavy bolts at the tower's base. In addition, there were three

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK DIAMOND

Judge Smith, third from left, and D.A. Murphy, with his hands up, as jurors view the scene of the crime.

equidistant sets of cables held in place by heavy metal turnbuckles. Lovejoy had no idea wha would happen when he unleashed one of the turnbuckles, no easy task itself. But with no people or houses within a mile of the tower, the only one who could possibly have gotten hurt was Sam Lovejoy himself. An unwritten rule, it seems, in heroic situations.

Working fast in the 15-degree cover of winter darkness, the eco-activist whipped out his wrenches and set to work on the turnbuckles. Hardly loosened, the set of steel cables snapped from the turnbuckle with the sure-fire crack of a 500-foot guitar string tightened an octave too many—*Kapow*!

The tower came crashing down through snow-dusted trees and away from the spot where Sam Lovejoy stood ecstatic, stunned. As he'd planned to do, Lovejoy hid his tools and gloves in the woods, the only hard evidence to the crime, then took a different path out to the black-top road which runs from the Montague Plains into the village of Turners Falls.

On the road, Sam Lovejoy spotted one of the town's three police cruisers slowly making its rounds and he flagged it down. "I'd like a ride to the police station," Sam told the officers, and though it is 3:15 a.m. and this wide-eyed, long-haired freak has asked for a ride to the hoosegow, the cops didn't ask him why.

"They weren't interested, I guess," Sam says, grinning ironically and lighting up yet another Kool in an endless chain of smoke. "At the station house, I said to Sergeant Cade, and he knows me from the time they busted the farm for pot, 'Sergeant Cade, I'd like to report that the tower is down.' He didn't understand me for a minute or so, it was three in the morning, he's whacked out, so I said it again. Cade radios to the cruiser, 'Hey, check out the tower on the Plains, would ya?' We wait for a few minutes. They call back. 'My God, Sarge, the tower's gone! A plane musta hit it!' 'Tell 'em to find the plane,' I said to Cade, then handed him my prepared statement."

Sam Lovejoy's George Washington's Birthday Letter was four pages long, and in it Sam claimed full responsibility for "sabotaging that outrageous symbol of the future Nuclear Power Plants. . . ." In a language reminiscent of Tom Paine, with strong hits of Thoreau, John Stuart Mill and that particular jargon which emerged as a national dialect from the radical left of the late '60s, Lovejoy gave his reasons:

"With the obvious danger of a nuclear power plant, with the biological finality of atomic radiation (and other, equally ominous problems), a clear duty was mine to secure for my community the welfare and safety which the government not only refused to provide, but has conspired to destroy." Sam had worked hard on that statement, as hard as he'd worked preparing the main event.

"Do we citizens allow the disunited and unconfident scientists to plop down heaps of high and low level radiation in our midst? We have not delved into all the repercussions of our actions, yet we seek to proliferate the construction of obviously lethal experiments in ever-increasing numbers of backyards? I fear the monsters of infanticide and forced sterilization will raise their heads before this society regains its senses!" Lovejoy signed his document, "Love and affection to all my fellow citizens."

At his arraignment that morning, Sam pleaded in a solid, but ironic voice, "*Absolutely* not guilty, Your Honor," to the charge of "willful and malicious destruction of personal property." NU's engineers valued the tower and its sensitive instrumentation at $100,000, but later cut it to half that figure. The charge could pull a maximum of five years in jail.

Rumor of an exceedingly high bail floated through the Franklin County Courthouse that morning, but to the prosecutor's surprise and dismay, Sam Lovejoy was released in his own recognizance. The law states that bail is contingent on whether or not the defendant is apt to split before trial. Lovejoy had turned himself in after the crime, *he wanted to stand trial*, wanted to get the whole issue of nuclear power up on trial much the same way draft resisters of the Vietnam era attempted vainly to have the courts discuss the validity of the war itself.

Most of the members of the commune family were in court that morning and had to suppress their cheers when ramrod-straight Judge Phillip Ball (an Amherst graduate like the defendant) conceded that bail was unnecessary. Outside the courthouse, in nearby Greenfield, the county seat, Montague's crusty Chief of Police Edward "Red" Hughes was overheard muttering: "They're treating that guy Lovejoy like he was some goddamned football hero!"

The Greenfield *Recorder*, local conservative daily, ran a front-page editorial entitled "Freedom Threatened" in which Lovejoy's act was compared to the work of a Hitler, Sirhan Sirhan and Marshal Cinque, all rolled into one. "What would they think if someone came up to Chestnut Hill and burned down their barn?" asked an angry selectman, Donald

Skole, also on the front page of the *Recorder*. Skole, an insurance salesman at Sears by profession, had been wined and dined by the executives of NU before signing the agreement which would allow the building of the billion-dollar twin Nukes in his town.

"Yeah, there was a little hysteria after Skole's brilliant remark in the paper, but we tied our dogs up in the barn for a few nights. Nothing happened. Things cooled out quickly." And while it is true that Massachusetts is not Mississippi, some of the communards expressed a twinge of nervousness at the thought of being kidnapped on the way to the outhouse late at night. But none of the threats against the farm ever materialized.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF NORTHEAST UTILITIES, MONTAGUE, MASS.

The toppled tower: a symbol of nuclear destruction bites the dust.

Two weeks to the day after it was toppled, the tower was re-erected on the Montague Plains, its replacement shipped in posthaste from Fort Worth. Bruce Holmstead, a local ecology nut case, bought the crumpled remains of the first one from NU for a mere $250. All they wanted to know was: "Are you a friend of Sam Lovejoy?" Holmstead was not, said so, and then carted away the twisted wreckage to convert it into two small towers for wind-driven generators. "One of the greatest recycling jobs of all time," said Sam Lovejoy, on hearing the news.

But the toppling of the tower on George Washington's Birthday was only the first round of Sam Lovejoy's Nuclear War.

Act Two: The Toppler

"It could be that no one but God could write the insurance policy we need on nuclear power plants!"

—Herbert S. Denenberg, then Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania.

A native of Wilbraham, Mass., Sam Lovejoy is as red, white and blue as Old Glory itself—burning red hair, blue eyes like cobalt bombs and Caucasian white skin. Lovejoy's father was a career Army officer who died in a car accident when Sam was only 5; his mother, Mrs. Olive Lovejoy, a salt-of-the-earth, no-nonsense woman, has been a dedicated registered nurse at Springfield's Wesson Hospital for the past 25 years. Sam's older brother John is a liberal Republican selectman from Wilbraham. Unlike the other 11 members of the commune, Sam Lovejoy has very specific ties to this part of western New England, and like many Yankees before him, Lovejoy has that individualistic, eccentric streak.

At Amherst College, Sam racked up an impressive array of underground extracurricular activities. Although he had radical leanings early on, Lovejoy lived in the Beta Theta Pi fraternity house, second largest nationally, in the midst of a group of super-jocks. The dope scene had hit Amherst as it had every other campus, and Sam took it upon himself to turn on the beer crowd at the fraternity. "I had this roommate, nicknamed 'Mad-Dog' McCoy, because whenever he got loaded on three or four beers he turned super violent, busting furniture, hitting chicks. You know the type. I tried like a bitch to get him to smoke some dope, but he wouldn't. Finally, after several months, he sat down and smoked a joint with me, some primo Acapulco Gold. 'Mad-Dog' got *so* loaded that he just sat there, couldn't move, was pacified. A couple of jocks came in, couldn't believe the change in the guy. His violent personality had been totaled. One of the guys said, 'Hey, look at this Docile-Dog,' and the name stuck. From 'Mad-Dog' to 'Docile-Dog,' can you dig that?"

The eco-activist whipped out his wrenches and loosened the turnbuckles. The steel cable snapped like a 500-foot guitar string tightened an octave too many—Kapow!

Lovejoy's eyes sparkle at the memory: "And that's what we're going to do with these nuclear power people, turn 'em from mad-dogs, ravaging the environment, into docile-dogs, with a little more R-E-S-P-E-C-T for Mother Nature!"

By the end of that year, most of Docile-Dog's teammates had visited Sam at least once or twice for a little of that devil weed. But it was radical chicken feed compared to the mind-blower Sam Lovejoy would later pull on Beta Theta Pi: having researched the official fraternity charter, Sam learned that the brotherhood could dissolve itself and close shop, if the present majority voted to do so. And the now-stoned brethren, under Sam's social-democratic suggestion, voted to do just that, to cease operating as a secret society, dissolve the charter and turn the fraternity into a public college dorm and eating house. Old Boy representatives from Beta's national office were immediately dispatched to Amherst to no avail—Lovejoy had struck. No more Beta Theta Pi at Amherst College.

Some people are born crusaders, and the agent provocateur instinct runs deep through Sam Lovejoy's consciousness, but with humor, with spirit, the prankster's desire to show people themselves through the art of the subtle mind-blow—though sometimes, as with the toppling of the Nuke tower, the act is not so "sub-tell," as Sam likes to pronounce it.

Lovejoy was loosely affiliated with SDS at Amherst, and though he went to Cuba on one of their Venceremos Brigades to cut sugar cane, Lovejoy wasn't too impressed with the individual Weatherpersonnel he met on the trip: "I dug them in a way, but they were just plain *crazy*!" Sam was reputedly one of the most productive *macheteros* on the trip, and like the members of Beta Theta Pi, the Weathermen rushed him, but he declined to join.

Another major event for Lovejoy at Amherst in '66 was meeting the ubiquitous Marshall Bloom, then editor of

the daily *Student* and later founder of Liberation News Service, the movement's AP. Bloom was a senior the year Sam entered as a freshman (David Eisenhower was in the class behind Sam). At his graduation ceremony, Mad Marshall blew a few traditionalist minds by leading a walkout protest of the Vietnam War just as the then-Secretary of Defense Robert MacNamara rose to address the assembled.

Four years later, at his own graduation, Sam caused a few ripples by showing up for the event in splattered housepainter's overalls. He'd been working on a job in town and saw no reason, or just didn't have the time, to change his clothes. One of his professors, incensed by yet another Lovejoy stunt, said point-blank: "You keep up this intensity, Sam, you'll be dead in five years!" So it was not unusual that Lovejoy would gravitate to the growing commune scene up in Montague, 15 miles north of Amherst, which Marshall Bloom was helping to found.

Bloom's Liberation News Service band had come from New York City to settle at the old Ripley place, a 60-acre dairy farm which had lain fallow for nearly a decade. None of the rag-tag political radicals knew a thing about farming. It was the politically explosive summer of '68 and the Movement was about to peak out at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

LNS mailings issued from the farm for five months, but the realities of New England farm life spoke louder and demanded the commune's full attention. The cast of characters went through some changes, and the once-politically oriented collective became a New Age organic farming family, concentrating on raising chemical free animals and vegetables, and yes, farming the individual and group psyche through mescaline, meditation, yoga, tarot and naturopathic medicine.

But the farm's four-year retreat from the real world was unequivocably shattered by Sam's act of knocking over the tower. Suddenly, the dormant political activism of the late '60s was reactivated, but this time the issue would be mammoth in scope—not just the destruction of Vietnam, but the possibilities of nuclear holocaust and destruction of the entire world: the nuclear war had come home.

The Montague communards formed NOPE (Nuclear Objectors for a Pure Environment) to spread the word of the Nuke dangers to the neighboring townspeople. In addition, a political party emerged, the N.O. Party, which ran one of the farm women, Anna Gyorgy, for select-*person* on a heavy, anti-Nuke platform. Letters to Sam began pouring in, most of them praising his courage and his action,

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK DIAMOND

Sambo with Sequoiah on his shoulders.

like one from a former president of the American Pediatric Association: "I can only thank you for realizing the genetic dangers inherent in the nuclear power plants. God bless you."

In spite of their freaky outer trappings, the communal family on Chestnut Hill has maintained a consistently high relationship with the old and dying-out farmer breed in Montague and neighboring North Leverett. Those who were able

The prosecutor's in a tough spot, though, because if he loses such an open and shut case against this hippie-farmer-turned-attorney, it'll be hard to live it down in the legal locker rooms

to perceive that the newcomers were sincerely interested in learning to live with the land, albeit "organically," were more than willing to teach their old-time skills to the New Age communards. The suspicious ones merely turned a cold New England cheek and closed their doors.

"I'm sure there's a lot of people now out there who hate our guts, particularly mine, anyway, since the tower went down." Sam's got his feet propped up on the wood-burning kitchen stove, a pile of law books in his lap, getting ready to defend himself in court. "But you'd be amazed at how many people pop into the storefront we opened down in Turners Falls asking for literature on Nukes.

"Three months ago, this guy came in, real mysterioso, and said to me: 'I used to work for NU. They're not gonna let you get away with this, Lovejoy. They've got your phone bugged.' He gave me a telephone number and said that it was the secret phone line to Vermont Atomic Yankee Plant's control room, and if I dialed it a guy would answer in code. I guess he wanted to prove he knew what he was talking about. I called the number and the man who answered gave the code, then hung up real quickly. It was weird, the old guy was fucked up, wouldn't look at me, felt guilty, I don't know. But when he went out the door, the guy turned around to look back and there were tears in his eyes, real fucking tears!"

Act Three: The Trial

"We must remove the dangerous and sensitive issue of nuclear plant development from the economic and political arenas, and put the issue to a more prudent and judicious test. One of man's highest achievements is the principle and right of trial by jury. In any trial, indeed only one juror need voice skepticism to create a hung jury and a mistrial. The issue that faces us is more horrible even than murder, for here we speak not of one but an exponential number of grotesque deaths and mutilations.

It is my firm conviction that if a jury of twelve impartial scientists was empanelled, and following normal legal procedures they were given all the pertinent data and arguments; then this jury would never give a unanimous vote for the deployment of nuclear reactors amongst the civilian population. Rather, I believe they would call for the complete shutdown of all commercially-operated nuclear plants.

Through positive action and a sense of moral outrage, I seek to test my convictions.

Love and affection to all my fellow citizens."

—from, Sam Lovejoy's *George Washington's Birthday Statement*, prosecution's exhibit #7

September 17th, eve of the New Moon, "Constitution Day." It's the perfect stage for this contemporary morality play, the courthouse of Anytown, U.S.A., but in this case it happens to be Greenfield, Mass., a rural area fast going the way of all flesh to plastics, low-key industrials,

power plants, pissing their chemical wastes into the Connecticut River.

But suddenly the Franklin County Courthouse is the scene of a pitched psychic battle between all that has been churning in American society for the past two decades: Thornton Wilder would've loved it, *Our Town* 1974. The classic case of youth vs. age, poverty vs. power, organic New Age consciousness vs. nuclear reactor technology, the lone, latter-day Howard Roark single-handedly trying to stop the forces of nuclear destruction.

The courtroom is vintage Norman Rockwell: a fair-minded, white-haired judge, the 70-year-old stenographer with her gnarled hands dancing noiselessly on the shorthand machine, the grey-flanneled prosecutor and his Uriah Heep assistant, the bailiffs nodding out, a fat woman on the jury picking her nose—yes, it could be the cover of a 1954 *Saturday Evening Post*, except for one thing: *the defendant*.

Not that Lovejoy doesn't have that all-American hit, with a face like a cross between Robert Redford and early Gary Cooper, or the shoulder-length hair tied to a fat knot behind his head, or the wispy Ho Chi Minh reddish whiskers issuing from his lower lip—what makes Sam Lovejoy stand out in this courtroom is a certain magical aura which permeates his being, a naturalness common to great athletes or musicians or even chess players. Lovejoy is brimming over with energy, vibes, flashing backward and forward from that night alone in the woods eight months earlier to this final moment of truth—and for a brief second, Sam Lovejoy stands as the reincarnation of Patrick Henry.

Judge Kent B. Smith, a big bear of a man and as liberal as one could hope for in an eco-political trial of this kind, treats the jury like little children. Smith is concerned that Sam Lovejoy is without an attorney. No one can remember the last time a man defended himself in superior court, and the judge is bending over backwards to help the tower-toppler in his presentation; it is almost as if Judge Smith is the kindly professor and Lovejoy the law student on scholarship.

The prosecutor, John Murphy, an assistant D.A., has the paunch of a professional boozer tucked neatly behind his grey flannels and club tie. He rocks back and forth on his heels before the jury like an inner-city cop attempting to crack a case. Murphy's in a tough spot, though, because if he loses such an open and shut case to this hippie-farmer-turned-attorney, it'll be hard for him to live it down in the legal locker rooms.

The high point of the prosecution's incredibly mundane case comes when Sgt. Richard Cade, the arresting officer, is asked to read Lovejoy's entire statement to the jury. The courtroom turns hushed, almost reverent, and though the police sergeant stumbles through it with his 10th-grade malapropisms, Sam Lovejoy's words are stirring (at one point, Sgt. Cade misreads: "The very *scepter* of it oppressed us all," instead of "*specter*" as Sam had originally written it—but no matter, *scepter* is actually a heavier concept).

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK DIAMOND

In a language reminiscent of Tom Paine, with strong hits of Thoreau and John Stuart Mill, Lovejoy wrote out his George Washington's Birthday Letter.

"Your Honor, the defense calls Dr. John Gofman to the stand." There is a murmur like the sound of a swarm of bees rising in the courtroom. Most of the 300 spectators are Lovejoy's constituents, members of the sprawling organic communal scene in Franklin County (Montague alone is reputed to have 22 communes), and most of them know of Dr. Gofman and how crucial he is to the defendant's case.

Gofman is sworn in, offers his credentials to both judge and jury: director of Lawrence-Livermore Radiation Labs at Stanford, discoverer of Uranium 233, helped found the AEC with Glenn Seaborg, invented two major processes for the separation of plutonium for atomic energy purposes. When Gofman and Arthur C. Tamplin co-authored a special AEC report on the potential hazards of nuclear power plant proliferation, the report was suppressed by the very organization that had asked for it. Gofman and Tamplin then published it as a book, *Poisoned Power*.

The nuclear physicist is a short man with a shiny bald pate and metallic grey beard, but his eyes tell the whole story: that years ago, as a budding scientist, he helped to unleash an incredible secret power; but the power has been perverted over the years, misused, and it is now capable of destroying life as we've known it on this planet. No, this is not sci-fi, folks, this is the real thing, and the man who helped open the lid on the can of radioactive worms now wants more than anything else in life to close it. There is a profound sadness in the good doctor's eyes as he stares at each of the jurors. Imagine what he's thinking—here's this little town in Massachusetts, trying to deal with such a huge moral and scientific dilemma, the planet-wide problem of nuclear radiation, contamination, genetic disorders and potential mutations, and the prospect of thousands of years of poisoned environment because of the national addiction to "energy." And, in a weird way, Gofman is responsible for this turn of events. His being on the stand in the Lovejoy case is akin to Charles Darwin's being called up from the grave to appear at the Scopes trial in Tennessee.

"Objection, Your Honor!" Murphy is on his feet; he's no dummy. The prosecutor cannot allow this testimony, no sir. Dr. Gofman might scorch the jury's collective ear lobes. "This man is absolutely key to my defense." Lovejoy is fighting back with all he's got. "D.A. Murphy has to prove that I was 'malicious' in knocking over the tower, and it was Dr. Gofman's book, *Poisoned Power*, which convinced me that I had to do what I did. He showed, among other things, that a citizen has no recourse in trying to stop a Nuke from coming into his community. Dr. Gofman led me directly to the tower that night."

"Well, did you *talk* with Dr. Gofman before you did it?" the judge wants to know.

"*Talk to him*? I talked to George Washington, I talked with Henry David Thoreau before I did it, I talked to the signers of the Constitution. *Don't you talk to Oliver Wendell Holmes when you read*

his books?" Sam's words fly out at the judge and he leans back in his huge chair as if recoiling from the shock waves.

But Smith sustains the prosecution's objection. After carefully researching it, the judge decides to allow Dr. Gofman to testify for the record, after first sending the jury out of the courtroom. The same ruling later holds when Sam tries to bring on Howard Zinn, the activist-professor, to testify on the historicity of civil disobedience. (When the trial breaks for the weekend, Judge Smith instructs his jurors: "You're all adults, and I'm sure I can trust you not to listen to the radio or TV news on this case, and don't read any newspapers." That Sunday, the New York *Times*, in a front-page story, announces that the AEC has had to shut down 21 of the 50 operating nuclear reactor stations because of simultaneous cracks developing in their emergency water cooling systems. In the same piece, Carl Hocevar, one of the AEC's key men in the safety department, resigns from the commission "in order to be free to tell the American public about the potentially dangerous conditions in the nation's nuclear power plants.")

Ultimately, it is Sam Lovejoy's own testimony before the jury which will be most effective. After presenting several character witnesses, Sam took the stand and held it for a day and a half, while attorney Tom Lessor served as his questioner.

"When my father died, there was a man in Wilbraham who became sort of my surrogate father, a farmer named Harold Porter. He was a beautiful old guy, a great farmer, and he tried to teach me most of what he knew about agriculture. I remember that he was sort of stern in a way, and always insisted that no matter what I did, I do it in the best way I could.

"One day Harold was spraying his field with pesticides, as he'd done for 25 years, and he just passed out, fell off the tractor and went unconscious. The tractor rolled right over him with the pesticide sprayer behind it and kept going. Harold was unconscious for about an hour or two, then somehow made it back to the house and called a doctor. He'd been inhaling the pesticides for 25 years and the accumulation finally caught up with him. After six or seven months in the hospital he recovered, but he left under strict doctor's orders never to spray his fields with that stuff again. That's when I first began to realize just how we are poisoning our environment."

The jury has come alive now. They're beginning to *see* Sam Lovejoy; no one is nodding out or bored. They're finally beginning to identify with the tower-toppler: the fabled countercultural generation gap is being bridged in that courtroom, and their eyes are riveted to his like 12 filings to a magnet.

"You could say I decided to topple the tower last December, when NU decided definitely to build the mega-Nukes in Montague. I read everything about them that I could get my hands on. I studied and studied the subject, and I meditated on it long and hard.

"Did I even have the right to take this audacious move? Was I competent enough, not only to bring the tower down, but to defend myself here in front of you? But when I totaled the factors in my head, there was just one big reason why I knew I had to do it." Sam Lovejoy lingers here for a second, like a pool shark facing a cliff-hanger at the far edge of a successful run.

"I'd fallen in love with a beautiful 4-year old girl named Sequoiah, who lives at the farm. She and all the children, and their children's children yet unborn, depend on us, they are innocents. They depend on us not to desecrate the environment, trees and rivers, all in the name of gross profit. I knew I had to do it for Sequoiah."

"One day Harold was spraying his field with pesticides," Lovejoy told the jury, "and he passed out and fell off the tractor. The tractor rolled right over him and kept on going"

So the curtain drops on our courtroom drama, with a few of the housewives on the jury in tears and the whole 12 of them visibly moved, jagged from complacency. Ah, but we will never know their verdict.

Like all New Age morality plays, this one ends with a sideways twist, a TKO in the very last round—and it is there that we must look to find the moral.

"I have been bothered from the beginning of this case by the wording of the indictment calling the tower 'personal property,' especially after the Montague tax assessor testified that NU paid its bill as 'real' property." Judge Smith is bringing it up again. After all the testimony has been heard in the case, there is this nagging side issue: the official indictment charged Sam Lovejoy with "willful and malicious destruction of *personal property*," but under the judge's painstakingly researched definitions, the tower would have to qualify as "real property."

"It goes back to the time of George the III, that a man's 'personal property' were his chattels, tools, things needed for his livelihood, while 'real property' was defined as that which was real, land, and anything affixed or built upon it."

Suddenly, Sam Lovejoy sees what is going to happen and he starts to freak out. "I really wanted that jury to decide the verdict all along. When I realized the judge was going to throw it out on this minor bullshit thing, improper indictment, I started helping the prosecutor with his case, telling the judge I didn't want to get off the hook that way because I was pretty certain we stood a good chance of winning on the jury's vote."

"But Mr. Lovejoy, I have sworn to uphold the laws of the Commonwealth. This indictment against you reads 'personal property,' and it has been established that the tower was listed officially as 'real property.' I have no choice but to instruct the jury to find you not guilty for reasons of a falsely written indictment."

Jeezuz, what karma.

After seven emotional, agonizingly tense days of legal fox-trotting, the tower-toppler is acquitted on a legal TKO. Perhaps it was the government's overzealousness, its desire to hit Lovejoy with a heavier charge since destruction of "real property" would have been only a misdemeanor with six months attached to it.

Sambo left the courthouse a free man, but perplexed slightly that it should have ended this way, even though he'd succeeded in bringing the Nuke issue into public focus.

At the farmhouse that night, however, amidst the whoops and hollers and the canning jars being filled with an early harvest, Sam Lovejoy's eyes danced in the light of a crackling fireplace: "It would have been a real victory if they'd acquitted me by the jury's vote, and I think they would have. Three of the jurors came up to me afterwards to congratulate me, and them I hadn't even counted on."

Little Sequoiah, daughter of Janis, sneaks into the crowded dining room and leaps on Sam, throwing her arms around his neck. "Maybe it was supposed to happen this way for some other yet unknown reason," Lovejoy grins. "Like just maybe I'm supposed to be free to help figure out a way to shut down the whole AEC itself."

Look out, Dixie Lee Ray! ●

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By Marcia Seligson

About two years ago I was at a dinner party in Beverly Hills, a small covey of movie biz folk. In the vacuum between the gazpacho and the paella, the man to my left suddenly bellowed to the room at large: "Hey, I did this INCREDIBLE thing last month that's changed my whole life. It's called E.S.T." All heads swiveled in his direction, everybody on the make for something to change our lives. Anything. The faster the better.

The man went on to describe the most absurd shenanigan I'd ever heard—absurd even for California, where people toss the I Ching as regularly as they do their spinach salads, where the status party game of the week is called "my-psychic-is-better-than-your-psychic," and where to admit that you've never been Rolfed is not unlike confessing you've never been laid.

I listened incredulously as he told of 250 people, each paying $200 to be herded into a hotel ballroom for two consecutive weekends, sitting on hard-backed chairs for 18 hours a day, not being permitted to stand up, go to the john, drink water, eat, talk to their neighbors, while a man on the stage shrieked at them, calling them "assholes," "turkeys," and telling them their lives weren't working. When they emerged after the four days, according to this fellow, they all knew how to make their lives work.

He spoke, with what sounded like worship, about Werner Erhard, the guru of *est*—*est* is an acronym for Erhard Seminars Training—whom he characterized as the most brilliant, charismatic, dynamic, healthy, alive, loving human being he'd ever known. And an organization, staffed primarily by volunteers who surrender huge hunks of their lives to spreading the gospel, that was the most effectively and ethically run operation he'd ever seen.

Now, from my point of view, there are three ways I can respond to material like that—laugh, become outraged or write an article. I chose to laugh.

But during the next year and a half, it became an increasingly frequent happening to be awaiting the paella and hear somebody say, "Hey, I did this INCREDIBLE thing. . . ." Many of these cheerleaders were sober citizens, not from the breed of growth groupie who ritualistically embraces every salvation schtick on the midway, but people who have paid their dues to change through the arduous route of psychotherapy.

Then, during this same time, two friends of mine went through *est* and I observed in both of them obvious, immediate alterations. As opposed to the fast-lived high that overtakes one after an encounter-group weekend, or a week at Esalen, or a Zen retreat, these changes seemed to persist and expand as time went on. . . . Henry, when I first met him, was your mild-mannered Clark Kent: low-profile, not very sexy, sweet with the sort of sweetness that puts me off because I sense the suppressed rage it's masking. He took the *est* "training," became a committed apostle for the organization and today is characterologically a different man—direct, commanding, high-geared. He has left a sour 23-year marriage and a flat, secure job at a television studio and is producing films independently. He attributes it all to *est*.

Perhaps the most peculiar thing about it was that nobody could, or would, tell me what went on in the training. "You can't describe it," they'd say, "you have to experience it." As if I were asking them to describe an orgasm, for God's sake. They would only tell me that life was noticeably different after *est*, that they were able to

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN KROSNICK

leave marriages or get married, quit jobs, write books, paint paintings, do—in fact—most anything they'd always wanted. The one universal statement from *everyone* I met who'd been involved was that they either never got sick again or if they did, they knew how to get rid of whatever it was instantly. Oh, and one more thing. They all loved Werner Erhard.

So, about six months ago, I got interested. Totally skeptical, mind you, but curious. I, who had invested enough money in therapy in my life to purchase any small Balkan country, *knew* how much time, not to mention pain, it takes to give up one's imbedded life-scripts, and that any device claiming to shortcut that process is clearly snake oil. I knew that, and still sensed that some minimal amount of attention could be paid to this new lunacy sweeping through California and a few other areas. When Erhard came to Los Angeles last February to speak, I went.

Over 1,200 bodies packed a hotel ballroom, all there through word of mouth—*est* has never spent one dime on advertising except to announce that an event is sold out. The atmosphere was remarkably animated: dozens of assisting *est* "graduates," mostly in their 20s, super-peppy, scurrying about with blissful Miss America smiles, making you a nametag, getting you to fill out a card (which, I was to discover early the next morning when the phone rang, is the beginning of a permanent relationship with *est*), each helper that I passed crooning "HI, MARCIA" as if we'd been long-lost prep school roommates. The primary emotion in the air was elated anticipation: WERNER IS COMING.

I loathed the whole event, particularly being forced to wear a nametag and being pummeled by all that relentless friendliness. Mostly, I loathed Werner. As he walked down the aisle to the platform, and received the most overwhelming ovation since Cleopatra's opening night in Rome, my skin prickled. All my buttons were being pressed furiously: Hitler and the *jugen* (my God, that kraut name of his), mass hypnosis, the Messiah, mystical cultism, Elmer Gantry, Charles Manson and his army of idolizing murder machines. It didn't seem just cuckoo, it seemed goddamn dangerous.

If I expected an evangelist, what I got was even odder—a slick, slightly oily salesman-type, too good-looking and funny, a man who reminded me of the arrogant Jewish princes I went to high school with who then went to N.Y.U. School of Commerce, married girls named Bernice and took over their fathers' clothing businesses. This is the person who is ostensibly transforming peoples' lives right and left? Whose devotees think he's God? I wasn't sure I would buy a cloth coat from him.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAIRE STEINBERG

At the *est* office: graduates welcome a group returning from 2 weeks of training.

I was now sure, however, that I wanted to write about *est*. I can't recall what Werner talked about that night, except that he appeared to be doing an abominably hard sell for taking the training and executing very fancy footwork to avoid answering audience questions like "What is it?" "What goes on?" "Why does it cost $200?" As far as I was concerned, *est* was the biggest ripoff to ever zoom down the freeway. And I would expose it.

I'm sure you know by now where this plot is going. What the punch line is. So, having set up my credentials as a bona fide cynic, I'll simply tell you that after having taken the *est* training in June, and having spent the last months immersed personally and professionally in the subject, I think that *est* has been one of the truly powerful experiences of my life.

And I love Werner Erhard.

He started *est* three years ago in San Francisco. The main offices are there, and trainings are conducted monthly in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Honolulu and Aspen. To date, more than 25,000 individuals have gone through *est* and some 4,000 are on waiting lists; in the training that I took in June, there were a dozen or so who had journeyed from other parts of the country, and one man who flew in from London. Why *est* has not yet spread to more cities in America, when that would seem a logical and successful procedure, is that it takes Werner two years to train a trainer, so that at the moment there are, besides him, only four regular trainers, a woman who leads the children's training and a few others in

evolving stages. More than that, *est* is not a business in the usual sense, but rather a total, communal environment, an ever-extending family of graduates, a life "game" that unfolds, and expands organically, rather than through corporate design.

And one man is the undeniable source of it all—the energy, plans, special *est* language, content of the training. All that happens springs from Werner. The staff member who has been with him the longest admits: "If Werner died tomorrow, we'd disappear the day after." On the other hand, all concerned are perfectly confident that Werner will not check out tomorrow, so in charge is he of his universe.

Which brings me neatly to what *est* is all about. If forced to synthesize briefly the "message" of the training—aware of the essential inaccuracy of capsulizing thus—I'd say this: You are totally responsible for your life; you are the cause of all your experience. "Responsibility," in *est* terms, is defined as "the willingness to acknowledge that you are cause in the matter."

Now, this is hardly an original thesis in the annals of enlightenment. Gestalt therapy, for instance, is rooted in the principle of personal responsibility. But what Erhard has done, so effectively, is to distill the best of gestalt, Zen, general semantics, psychosynthesis, Taoism, mind dynamics, Scientology, the Bible, Dale Carnegie and several esoteric Oriental disciplines—and create an original and *experiential* presentation. The package, for one thing, makes Eastern philosophies palatable and relevant to Western minds. But the seminal effect lies in the fact that, according to Werner, "*est* is the *experience* rather than the understanding of those disciplines. In the training you 'get it' by experiencing it."

"Getting it" is the key expression in the *est* lexicon and means knowing on a gut level. When I walked out of the Biltmore Hotel in L.A. at 2 a.m. of the final Sunday night, I had "gotten," with a depth and surety that I had never had before, the Truth that I am 100 percent responsible for everything in my life. Not as a concept, belief or understanding, but as a direct experience of the way IT is. Early on, Randy McNamara, one of the two Herculean trainers who led our sessions, said the following: "When you are responsible, you find out that you didn't just happen to be lying there on the tracks when the 5:05 came through. You were the asshole who put yourself down in that place." I didn't really get it then. By the time the training was over, I got it.

The training was created out of a personal instance of "getting it." "About 10 years ago," says Erhard, "I had a spontaneous experience of the Truth, of the way It is, and my life totally worked, every situation I went into turned out perfectly. I mean, I felt I could literally affect the weather. It lasted three months and went away. Then I worked like you wouldn't believe to get it back, because I was very clear that life wasn't worth living unless I was living that way. So I spent a whole bunch of years fumbling around, didn't get it, did all the things that I could do that wasn't it, spent about 7,000 hours in almost any discipline you could think of, including some things that I can't even think of. But *est* came about from one incident, driving in the car to work one morning three years ago, where I suddenly saw that my life wasn't working at all, and I saw exactly why and knew that I was the total source of it all, the creator of my experience."

I, who had invested enough money in therapy to purchase any small Balkan country, *knew* how much time, not to mention pain, it takes to give up one's imbedded life-scripts

So the *est* training is Werner Erhard's revelations about the way life works, or, as he says, "the Truth about stuff." (The Latin meaning of *est*, incidentally, is "it is." Get it?)

In recounting what happens in the training, I now understand the you-can't-describe-it-you-have-to-experience-it claim, which once seemed like cultish nonsense. For one thing, much of the effectiveness is based on surprise, and I'm unwilling to damage that aspect of the training; for another, *est* is a completely subjective, private experience, thus I can only report my own trip and my observations to be accurate; for yet another, the material is put together on a subtly cumulative basis, so that to remove any part from the complex whole is a fundamental lie, not to mention incomprehensible. Illustration: "I'll tell you everything there is to know about life," the trainer said on the final day. "What is is and what ain't ain't." I know that doesn't do much to you, out of context and removed from the experience. As a matter of fact, it's the whole *est* story.

On a Tuesday night in June, 225 people enter a hotel room for what is called the "pre-training." It's the same choreography as my earlier *est* frolic: cherubic volunteers, zealous cordiality, nametags, perfect details in organization, big excitement. A young man named Tony Freedley leads the session; I realize immediately that his looks, voice, haircut, gestures and dress are remarkably like Werner's. The "trainees," many of whom I will get to know better than I do most of my relatives, are such a cross section of humanity that I cannot categorize them, except that the majority appears to be under 35. From the first moment, I hear the theme of personal responsibility: there are a set of ground rules, devised by Werner, we are told, because they work. If we adopt them as our own rules, rather than *est*'s, we're also told, we'll be ahead of the game.

No excuses for being late or leaving

Erhard speaking at the Hollywood Palladium.

AN UNPRECEDENTED INVITATION FROM THE GOVERNMENTS OF INDONESIA,

"If you help us save our we will make available one investment opportunities in

Collectors who are familiar with the spectacular rise in values enjoyed by gold and silver proof coins in recent years will not want to miss out on this opportunity to acquire these limited-edition, legal tender proof coins in 92.5% silver and 90% gold struck at the Royal Mint of Great Britain under truly historic circumstances.

Here is an unprecedented opportunity for you to perform a magnificent act of compassion in support of the world's endangered wildlife and, at the same time, make an investment that may dramatically increase in value.

To make this possible, 24 concerned nations have joined to issue three legal tender coins each to uniform specifications. The reverse sides of the coins feature endangered wild animals. Limited quantities of the proof coins are being released for sale throughout the world to help finance criticaliy needed conservation projects.

The *investment* aspects of this program are especially impressive:

1. *These are legal tender currency.* As such, they are not to be confused with commemorative "medallions" and pseudo coins. In the past, legal tender proof coins have increased in value by as much as 225% in a single year. In fact, since 1950, the coin market has averaged a yearly gain of 25%!

2. *These coins are struck in severely limited editions.* Only 30,000 of each silver coin and 3,000 of each gold coin are being issued in proof condition throughout the world. Once the original issue is sold, future collectors will have no choice but to obtain these coins from the origina! buyers, such as yourself. After the last proof coin is struck, dies will be destroyed in the presence of an official of the issuing nation.

3. *These are proof coins,* designed and struck to the highest possible quality. They are stamped from special high-quality polished dies. Their raised relief is frosted on a mirror-like background. They are micro-examined for flaws and are never touched by bare hands. This is the procedure followed by the Royal Mint to make presentation pieces for the coronations.

4. *These coins are issued only in silver and gold,* precious metals with high intrinsic values that have risen steadily in recent years. Although U.S. citizens may not now purchase gold coins of recent mintage, this law will be changed by January 1, 1975, and we are, therefore, accepting applications at this time.

5. *These coins are created under truly history-making circumstances.* Never before have proof coins of this quality, in such limited quantities and to uniform specifications, been issued in an international collection. The pleasure and pride of owning such coins cannot help but to increase the demand for them.

How the coins are issued

Each of the 24 participating nations will issue three denominations of coins—a 42mm diameter silver coin, a 38.61mm smaller silver coin of different design, and a 34mm gold coin, also with its own design. One side of each coin will depict a species endangered in that country. The other side will be the country's standard design.

Every two months the coins of another nation will be offered to collectors. The complete set of mintings by the 24 nations will be completed in four years. Subscriptions are accepted in advance for a period of one year (six issues). As a subscriber you will be protected against price increases during the year. After that, you may subscribe for the second, third or fourth year as you wish.

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42mm diameter silver proof
Weight: 35 grams
Edge Thickness: 2.87mm
Fineness: 92.5% of pure silver
Silver Content: 499.6 grains
Face Value: 5,000 Rupiah
Depicts the Orang-Utan

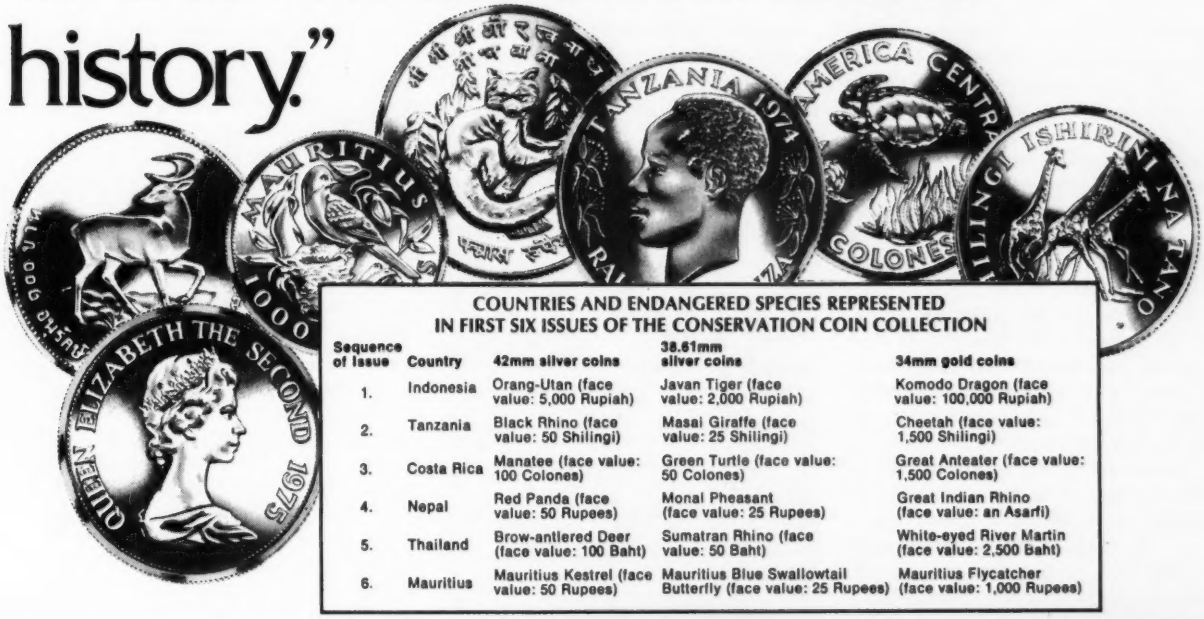
38.61mm diameter silver proof
Weight: 28.28 grams
Edge Thickness: 2.75mm
Fineness: 92.5% of pure silver
Silver Content: 403.6 grains
Face Value: 2,000 Rupiah
Depicts the Javan Tiger

34mm diameter gold proof
Weight: 33.437 grams
Edge Thickness: 2.49mm
Fineness: 90% of pure gold
Gold Content: 464.41 grains
Face Value: 100,000 Rupiah
Depicts the Komodo Dragon

While one side of each coin of a country will have a different reverse design representing an endangered species, the other side of all coins will show the traditional design struck on coins of that country.

TANZANIA, COSTA RICA, NEPAL, THAILAND, MAURITIUS AND 18 OTHERS:

endangered wildlife, of the most remarkable history."



COUNTRIES AND ENDANGERED SPECIES REPRESENTED IN FIRST SIX ISSUES OF THE CONSERVATION COIN COLLECTION

Sequence of Issue	Country	42mm silver coins	38.61mm silver coins	34mm gold coins
1.	Indonesia	Orang-Utan (face value: 5,000 Rupiah)	Javan Tiger (face value: 2,000 Rupiah)	Komodo Dragon (face value: 100,000 Rupiah)
2.	Tanzania	Black Rhino (face value: 50 Shilingi)	Masai Giraffe (face value: 25 Shilingi)	Cheetah (face value: 1,500 Shilingi)
3.	Costa Rica	Manatee (face value: 100 Colones)	Green Turtle (face value: 50 Colones)	Great Anteater (face value: 1,500 Colones)
4.	Nepal	Red Panda (face value: 50 Rupees)	Monal Pheasant (face value: 25 Rupees)	Great Indian Rhino (face value: an Asarfi)
5.	Thailand	Brow-antlered Deer (face value: 100 Baht)	Sumatran Rhino (face value: 50 Baht)	White-eyed River Martin (face value: 2,500 Baht)
6.	Mauritius	Mauritius Kestrel (face value: 50 Rupees)	Mauritius Blue Swallowtail Butterfly (face value: 25 Rupees)	Mauritius Flycatcher (face value: 1,000 Rupees)

A FEW RECENT EXAMPLES OF LIMITED-EDITION PROOF COIN APPRECIATION

COIN	Issue Yr.	Original Selling Price	Current Selling Price	% of increase reflected in current price vs. original selling price
Western Samoa $1 proof coin	1973	$16.80	$ 84.00	400%
Israel 10 Pound proof coin	1971	$16.80	$ 72.00	329%
Germany 4-coin Olympic proof set	1972	$21.60	$ 52.80	145%
New Zealand 5-coin proof set	1972	$18.00	$ 36.00	100%
Mauritius 200 rupee gold proof	1971	$42.00	$132.00	214%

NON-PROOF UNCIRCULATED COINS AVAILABLE . . .

All coins will also be available in uncirculated editions struck to the same standard as circulated coins, but with much less mechanical handling. They are the best possible example of a country's coinage and considerably more valuable than circulating coins.

IN SILVER... Uncirculated silver coins are composed of 50% of pure silver and are being minted in unlimited quantities. They are offered by one-year subscriptions to both the 42mm and 38.61mm series—sent to you in pairs every two months. **Limit: two yearly subscriptions per customer.**

IN GOLD...Uncirculated gold coins, composed of the same gold content (90% or 464.41 grains) as the gold proof coins, are being minted in a limited edition of 10,000. Applications are being accepted for the first six issues of these coins. **Limit: two yearly subscriptions per customer.**

Royal Mint of Great Britain is the official mint of the United Kingdom. All designs for coins to be minted at the Royal Mint, including the designs for the Conservation Coin Collection are reviewed by the Royal Mint Advisory Committee, under the Presidency of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh.

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International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—sister group to the **WWF**—is the world's leading scientific conservation organization. The U.S. government and 56 U.S. conservation agencies are affiliated with the Union.

APPLICATIONS MUST BE POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN NOVEMBER 15, 1974

Conservation Coin Collection

003095

250 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10013

Applications for the first six countries' issues of the Conservation Coin Collection are now being accepted. All six issues will be completed by August, 1975. The first coins—from Indonesia—are ready for immediate delivery and will be followed by Tanzania, Costa Rica, Nepal, Thailand and Mauritius, issued at two-month intervals starting October, 1974.

REFUND PRIVILEGE: If, for any reason, you are not satisfied with any of the coins (proof or uncirculated) purchased in response to this offer, you may return them, in their original condition, within 90 days of receipt to Spink & Son, Ltd. for either exchange or a full refund.

SILVER COINS

Please accept my application for the coins I have indicated below from Indonesia. I understand that you will reserve for me the same coins from Tanzania, Costa Rica, Nepal, Thailand, and Mauritius. I enclose payment for the Indonesian coins and agree to pay for each of the subsequent issues in advance of shipment.

Quantity		Amount Payable with Application
_____ Limit 1	38.61mm and 42mm silver **proof** set at $50 per set E1	$_____
_____ Limit 2	38.61mm and 42mm silver **uncirculated** set(s) at $32.50 per set G1	$_____
	Add $2.50 to cover processing, registered mail, postage and insurance for the first issue	$2.50
	Total amount payable now for first issue	$_____

Make checks or money orders payable to Conservation Coin Collection.

GOLD COINS

Please accept my application for the coins I have indicated below from Indonesia. When legislation allowing U.S. citizens to own freshly minted gold coins becomes effective (January 1, 1975, or sooner), and if my application is accepted, you will reserve for me the same coins from Tanzania, Costa Rica, Nepal, Thailand and Mauritius. You may bill me for the same gold coins of any issue which may have been struck prior to that date. I agree to pay for each of the subsequent issues in advance of shipment. This application is made without obligation to myself or Spink.

Quantity		Amount to be Billed per Issue
_____ Limit 1	34mm gold **proof** coin at $720 per coin A1	$_____
_____ Limit 2	34mm gold **uncirculated** coin(s) at $300 per coin B1	$_____
	Add $2.50 to cover processing, registered mail, postage and insurance per issue	$2.50
	Total amount to be billed per issue	$_____

Name_____ (Please Print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

early. I'm responsible. No watches are permitted; no note-taking or recording; no sitting next to a friend; breaks are infrequent and it's either a bathroom break or a food break—there's no eating on a bathroom break. (We all snicker; *everybody's* heard about that insanity. I, for one, don't quite believe it.) For the next 10 days no drugs, sleeping pills, aspirin, alcohol, grass, fasting, meditation. No books, knitting, smoking in the training. Persons who have been hospitalized for emotional problems are advised not to participate; people in therapy should consult their therapists. On and on.

Some folks get very crazy from this "fascism" and stay stuck there, since it continues throughout the 10 days. I make an early choice to suspend judgments, go with everything that happens, assuming it all has some bizarre function. Also, it makes me giggle.

On the following Saturday morning, the same 225 are there before 8:30 a.m. On time. Now the assisting *est*-ites are stern, silent, robot-like. The air is charged with a speck of fear. What are we in for? What if I have to pee? The training is not therapy, not about growth, they've stated. It's about turning your life around. What the hell is going to happen?

The large room has no windows and the chairs are merciless. An assistant named Joe, who is out of central casting to play the son of Goebbels, reads the rules again, ad nauseam. People who have doctors' permission to eat, go to the john or take pills are put in a special row. After an hour or so (Who can tell? There's no time in here), the trainer arrives in a dramatic entrance to outstar Orson Welles. His name is Ted Long and he looks *exactly* like Werner—handsome thin face, big nose, shirt with epaulets, same precise mannerisms. Spooky.

We begin. He lays out an essential *est* premise: Life doesn't work—that is, we're not getting enough satisfaction or aliveness—because we live mechanically by belief systems instead of experience. We construct our ideas of reality to corroborate our beliefs, rather than reflecting what's really so. He says: "An experiment was done with rats and placing some cheese in one of a series of tunnels. After a while of running around all of them, he becomes a 'smart' rat—he only goes down the fourth tunnel, right to the cheese. Remove the cheese and the rat runs down the fourth tunnel, looking. No cheese. Goes back. Runs down the fourth tunnel again. No cheese. Goes back. Down the fourth tunnel, no cheese, goes back, down again, no cheese, goes back. Eventually, the rat will stop going down the fourth tunnel and look elsewhere. The difference between rats and humans is that a HUMAN BEING WILL GO DOWN THE FOURTH TUNNEL FOREVER! See, rats don't believe in anything, they only know from cheese. Humans BELIEVE in the fourth tunnel, so they'll make it RIGHT to go down the fourth tunnel forever with no cheese." In this room, Ted says, we'll examine and destroy our life-denying beliefs, and "get" what really is so.

The training works in three ways: the trainer puts out information, the group is encouraged to stand up individually and talk about what's going on with him/her or to ask questions, and there are "processes," involving self-immersion into one's own consciousness, directed by the trainer. (In other disciplines, these are labeled "guided fantasies.")

Erhard: "Obviously, the truth is what's so. Not so obviously, it's also so what?"

"Reality is simple, clear, black and white," screams Ted. "Like a light bulb. It's either on or off." Typically, at points such as this in the procedure, when a piece of startlingly simple material is offered, a physicist or mathematician or light bulb expert will stand up to harangue with Ted. "Aha, but there's a microsecond after you pull the switch before the light goes on," he'll expound. "But it's still off until it's on, isn't it?" says Ted, serenely. "Black or white. No grey." This will persist until the guy "gets it," often more than an hour.

Life works on a set of rules and you don't have to believe them—another *est* motif. Just look at them. Get them. "Gravity doesn't give a shit whether you believe in it or not," Ted yelled at one point, an axiom that is now imbedded in my head forever.

After several hours, physical symptoms overtake me. Fatigue, a sore bottom that cannot find relief anywhere on the tiny chair, hunger, a hammering headache and—of course—the agonizing need to pee. The most pervasive torture, however, is none of those. It is the boredom—the maddening, numbing tedium from the endless feedback of the group, hour upon hour. There are individuals who, when they stand up and take the microphone, make me either sink into despair or soar into murderous rage. Feelings of contempt, the depth of which I never knew I was capable, well up in me. I think that if that attention-grabbing dancer gets up ONCE MORE to do her phony number of I-hate-being-a-sex-symbol, I will be compelled to strangle her. The same for the Israeli who incessantly regales us with macho war sagas. People, seemingly just in order to make their presences known, ask the most imbecilic questions I could imagine. And several thousand I couldn't possibly have imagined. My most overpowering urge, that first day—a day on which we did not get to go to the john until 5:30, did not eat until after midnight and did not leave until 2:30 a.m.—was not to eat, pee or sleep. It was to escape.

Ted has told us that in the course of the training, we will experience all our submerged feelings, that everything will come up to be looked at. That night, lying in bed too exhausted to sleep and knowing I have to get up in three hours to go back, I get it. Boredom is no accident, no tragic flaw in the training's structure. I'm SUPPOSED to get bored and angry and contemptuous. Trapped there for those merciless hours, I can't reach for a cigarette or the telephone when something surfaces that I don't wish to deal with in myself. I can't leave when the 50-minute hour is up; I also can't avoid myself by being entertained by others. There is no escape in here from self-confrontation. Several weeks after the training, I understand an even deeper message about that: Being bored with people is my "act" (an *est* term) for evading contact with others and validating my own wonderfulness. Just as the dancer has her act of dominating the room to get validation, I have mine: to sit silently, feeling superior, elite, judgmental, distant. A heavy bit of insight for me. . . .

Very late Saturday night we get into the fascinating realm of physical illness. Everybody, by then, has some symptom, headaches the most prevalent. Ted demonstrates on several people how to "process out" a headache in moments by focusing intently on the exact location and sensations, in what actually becomes a meditation. (I've subsequently used the same technique to dissolve early flu symptoms in an hour.) It becomes clear: sickness is a decision we make, we do it to ourselves. He works with a man who is myopic, takes away his glasses, waits until he "gets" that given the fact that there is

no physical damage to his eye machinery, nearsightedness has been a lifetime state he has created himself. Right there, the guy reports increasing vision, which increases further during the 10-day training period.

The phenomenon is exactly the opposite of faith healing, in which the ailing believes so fervently in the healer's magic he is "cured" through surrendering his power to a savior; in *est* one reclaims the power/responsibility for the illness to himself.

On Sunday morning, a noticeable shift has occurred within the group. Defenses have visibly dissolved overnight—a partial result, I presume, of the "marathon" technique of the previous day—and people begin sharing the deepest intimacies, most primal pains, before 224 strangers. For many, who have never been in therapy, it is the first time in their lives they have unlocked the floodgates, and the revealed human dramas are profoundly moving. A tearful woman takes the microphone and admits she's never had an orgasm; a paraplegic veteran weeps over the 150 people he killed in Vietnam; somebody cries about how she despises her husband and children; individuals recreate childhood traumas on the spot. Ted participates in each person's outpourings, listens intently, encourages them to unleash everything—and is never sympathetic. One woman rises and faints; Ted stands over her calmly, doesn't touch her, waits for her to choose to un-faint. Another woman stands, weeping: "I need help." He responds: "You won't get it from me. I'm just here to give you the space to go through what you have to go through." When people vomit, which they do (I mean, it's getting *heavy* in here), all they are given is a bag. No sympathy, no help, no criticism, just a bag. I get it. We're all in charge.

Two weeks later, I have dinner with Ted in San Francisco and ask him why he didn't pick up the woman who fainted. He explains: "She's going to help herself, she doesn't need me, and any attempts to help just lock her into helpless victim notions. Most people want to help her because that's how *they* get off. I'm willing for her to handle her own stuff."

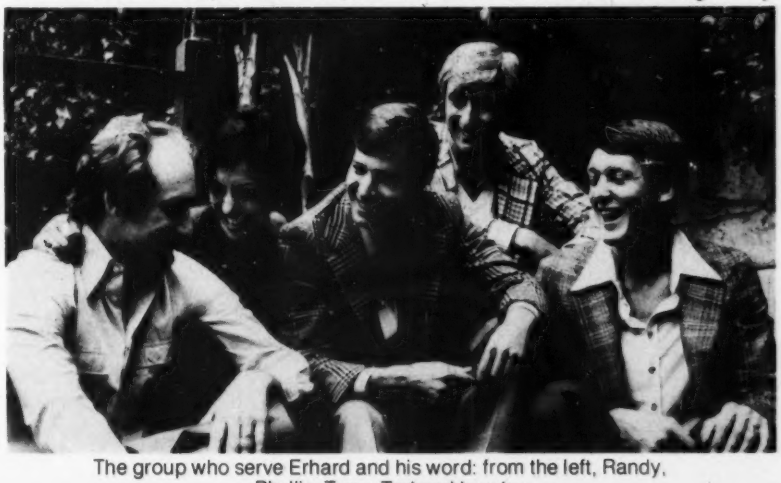
For me on this long and emotion-filled day, boredom has left, and I suffer none of the physical hideousnesses of the previous day. Beyond asking a few questions, I don't contribute intimacies, as don't a third of the group. However, as is typical in group processes, my identification with others is fierce. Listening, I recognize over and over the oceanic quantity of blaming of others that runs our lives, how automatically we view ourselves as victims and, that being so, how truly unfree, mechanical we are. And I see people taking the first steps to clean it up, take out the lies, take responsibility, start to perceive ourselves as being cause instead of effect. When Ted says, "I know what love is to you assholes. I don't call you on your bullshit and you don't call me on mine," my hands start to sweat and pictures of two important relationships zoom through my brain. Four members of the group have announced previously that they're in the training because their mates took it, came home and split, and they never comprehended why. Now, several state that they're beginning to get it. The *est* system makes it very difficult to continue living with lies. Not because of ethics—Erhard is unconcerned with a belief system called RIGHT and WRONG—but because lies don't work. Period.

All my buttons were being pressed furiously: Hitler and the *jugen*, mass hypnosis, the Messiah, mystical cultism, Elmer Gantry, Charles Manson and his idolizing murder machines

That night, we do the "danger process," a formidable activity. Twenty-five individuals at a time stand in a line on the stage, looking at the audience for 15 minutes. We are to be silent, no movement, no personality operating. As I await my turn, I become increasingly panicked. Standing before large groups has been the single most unresolved fear of my life, a fear that has really limited my choices. And here, in this setup, one is utterly naked, vulnerable. To me, it is nightmare material.

And evidently to others. A few people cry, some shake. Ted stands before a woman with a plastic Barbie-doll smile cemented across her face. He bellows: "Get off it, turn off that bullshit smile, be who you really are." He won't let up and she simply cannot turn it off. His tactic seems brutal, yet it is obvious how automatic and dead is her game. Ultimately she gets through it, stops smiling, is able to just *be* without her personality act, and her realness emerges. The contrast is remarkable.

There's a man in the group named Dick who's an attractive, cool, hip Hollywood dude. Pink-tinted shades, a beard and tie-dyed denim suit. He saunters up on stage, very together. But then he stares, comatose, into space, cannot look at us nor make eye contact. Ted marches over, snapping his fingers; an assistant perches two inches from Dick's face, in eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation. Suddenly the face begins to twitch uncontrollably and Dick sways and lurches backward. My God, I think, the walled-up terror that hip act is concealing. The masks and cons we invent so nobody can see that person we fear we really are. And it's all such a frail, easily-pierced armor, when you come down to it, given the right implements. It is a fundamental therapeutic principle that that which remains hidden governs us, freedom begins with disclosure. Werner's most awesome talent, I think, lies in having uncovered an intricately subtle series of implements for probing beneath that armor, to permit its shedding, to allow us to become more alive. One thing is very



The group who serve Erhard and his word: from the left, Randy, Phyllis, Tony, Ted and Landon.

clear to me this night and, I surmise, to everyone else. The space in this room is safe to deal with it all.

Dick begins to faint and Ted will not interfere. Instead, he stands before him and says to us: "You see how far he'll go so he doesn't have to be with you? He'll kill himself rather than look at you!" He's right on, of course, and by not getting sucked into what is evidently Dick's Life Game, he renders him the highest service. Dick chooses not to faint. (I saw him recently at an *est* event and was struck by how altered he was. About 50 percent of his hip act was gone.)

When it is my turn, I am terrified, expect that I will probably be sick. In fact, after a few moments of wrenching anxiety, I feel truly fine, aware of my okayness and able to connect with several faces in the audience. I can't quite believe it, but it's undeniable. (One month later, I accept the first speaking engagement of my life, before 1,200 women, and experience the same confidence.)

I leave, that night, quite high, and during the week clean up three murky relationships —with an old lover, tennis teacher and a close friend who has owed me money forever. I work like a demon, require very little sleep, have joyous love-making, lose three pounds and wonder how long this will last. I also drink some wine, take an antihistamine, and am surprisingly disgusted with myself for breaking an agreement.

The more I think about the physical ordeal, the more I get it. I run my body, it doesn't run me. I'm in charge here. (This will come in handy in the following weeks as I trot around the state with Werner and Company, since they rarely eat and seem never to sleep.) Personal responsibility is a potent force indeed, the sensation that one is the cause of one's life. For me, it is the focal wisdom of the training and becomes even more solidified as the weeks and months go by. To the extent that I embrace and own the principle, my life seems to be, in truth, clear and simple and in my grasp; to the degree that I still hang onto my victim beliefs, things don't work too well. . . .

The second weekend opens at an excited pitch. We have a new trainer and my disappointment at Ted's disappearance soon evaporates. Randy McNamara seems the most unfalteringly vigorous man I've ever seen, with uncanny perceptiveness and encyclopedic knowledge of physics and philosophy. Much to my relief, he doesn't "do" Werner.

A few early hours are passed in revival-meeting testimony. One obese woman who had previously had her teeth wired together so as not to eat reports that during this week she'd clipped the wires, certain she'd never have to diet again. Indeed, that chilling miracle/magic aspect exists for some. Some others testify they're depressed, aren't getting it. But the overall statements are favorable: confrontations all over the place with wives, bosses, lovers; keeping agreements and telling the truth; explosion of insights. The most general claim was from dozens of folks who announced a dramatic increase in energy, a feeling of being significantly more alive.

A leitmotif of the training is the refutation of a key belief by which most people function—trying. According to Werner, it doesn't work. When a guy rises, dejectedly saying he's been trying all week to fix his marriage, Randy summons him to the stage for a demonstration. Placing a book on the floor, he says: "Okay, try to pick it up." The man lifts it. Randy puts it back saying, "Now, TRY to pick it up."

One man is the undeniable source of all the energy, plans, special language, training. "If Werner died tomorrow, we'd disappear the day after"

Same action repeated, four times. Finally the man gets it. He is either picking the book up, or he's not; "trying" is a belief, a concept that does not exist in experience and is employed only for self-defeat.

This day is the most interesting to me, revolving around discussions of the nature of reality. The final point, arrived at after six hours of dissertation and questions, is that there IS no objective reality, only reality by agreement, which is illusion, and that the sole reality is the experience which I create. I have my turn at being cheerfully called an asshole as I insist to Randy that cancer does not exist under those terms; he spends probably an hour working with me until the complexity becomes utterly clear to me. Now, this notion of what's reality is not new, as so much of the *est* material is not new: Read Ram Dass, you get *est*, read Krishnamurti, Castaneda, Fritz Perls, Alan Watts, R.D. Laing, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*. It's all *est*. But I seem to be encountering the material on a different plane than ever before, a level that serves continually to reinforce the "I am the cause of my experience" theme.

That's all I'm going to reveal of the training. Eighty percent of what happens happens on the last day, and the power of it is totally dependent on surprise. Instead, I'll tell you about a friend of mine who went through *est* in Aspen last year and leaped up, at the end of the third day, snarling: "This is the biggest ripoff horseshit I've ever seen in my life. I'm getting out of here." The trainer asked him to just hang out in the room for the last day. He did. He now works for *est*.

Many in the group have traveled through remarkable interior spaces during these 10 days, opened new doors of awareness, chipped away at lifelong barricades, communicated and thus begun to dissolve "stuff" that was running them by its very secrecy. In them, the changes are evident, even to a stranger. My own immediate response, when it's all finished, is one of calm. I don't possess, at this point in my life, a Pandora's box of suppressed junk, and I've already put in plenty of couch-time shrieking MOMMYIHATEYOU. Cathartic zaps are not just lying in wait to be uncorked in my psyche. What I do feel, on that Sunday night, is electrified with new perceptions, keen clarity about some once cloudy situations and relationships and—most prevalently—a sense of being the cause of my life.

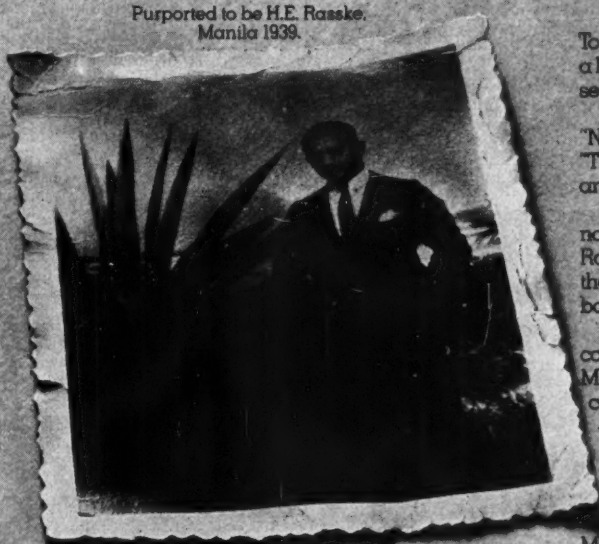
The very next day, back in my reporter role, I fly up to San Francisco to meet Werner Erhard. Like my *est* fellow-travelers, I've moved from the position of believing he's a charlatan to believing he's set himself up to be a godhead. I didn't know then that I was following the usual route and that the next step is to thinking that he's *really* God, then Robert Redford, then Daddy. Several weeks later I realized that he was no longer any of those things to me and that I was free to really dig him. Because, in fact, he is the most intriguing human being I've ever known, and when somebody in *est* said to me, "You'll talk about him forever," she was probably right.

Jack Rafferty is one of a dozen or so individuals whose functions at *est* are to assist Werner in the running of his frenetic daily life. Chauffeuring, setting up appointments, traveling with him—activities that would be easy to classify, in any other sphere, as menial. Jack, a former night-club owner, tells a tale that one hears over and over in some variation. He met Werner four years ago in a restaurant and knew—in some unspecific way—that this was a very special man, "somebody from another planet," a man in whose presence

"THE BRASS MONKEY IS WORTH TWO AIRCRAFT CARRIERS IN THE CORAL SEA."

—Admiral Kokura

Purported to be H.E. Rasske, Manila 1939.



...dern Legend Unfolds

Be... Brass Monkey was a drink, it was a code name for a spy. W. W. II. Our side. His spy-mastering in 1941-43 drove the other side up their shoji screens, and earned him a secret citation.

The center of this espionage web was The Brass Monkey, a sin-infested drinking club on the Street of Many Promises, Macao, off the China coast.

Cast of Characters

The club got its name from a small brass figurine that guarded the threshold. The specialty of the house was a sunshine yellow drink that became a favorite of the tough minded agents who plied their trade on the neutral island. Inevitably, the drink got tagged The Brass Monkey.

Did H. E. Rasske invent the drink? After all, he was The Brass Monkey.

Behind a cover story that painted him as an Austrian importer, Rasske made contact with a motley assortment of dhow captains, river pirates and mercenaries whose function was to get men and guns into China.

The Code

To connect with Rasske, agents were briefed to order a Brass Monkey at the club, and with a pencil, do some selective doodling on the coaster served with the drink.

The instructions were specific: scratch out the words "No Evil," then cross out all the letters from the words "The Brass Monkey" that did not appear in "See, Hear and Speak."

The letters remaining spelled out H. E. Rasske, the name of the contact. Eventually the trail would lead to Rasske's wharf, where the importer would slip out of the shadows, give his orders, then slip back into the gloom.

The Japanese Secret Service never caught on to Rasske's role as The Brass Monkey. And Admiral Kokura and his colleagues paid the price.

Secret Revealed

It is reputed that Rasske, now grey-haired, tends his roses and plays with his grandchildren somewhere in the Midwest.

Some years ago, an old China hand, who thought the master spy dead in a Hong Kong warehouse fire, bumped into Rasske. As they renewed their friendship, Rasske reluctantly divulged The Brass Monkey recipe to his old comrade. It is this story that got Heublein interested in the drink, and The Brass Monkey into a bottle.

Now, today, you can try the Brass Monkey yourself. The drink, people say, that helped defeat the Japanese Secret Service in W. W. II—Heublein's original H. E. Rasske recipe. Finally, in from the cold.

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. The Brass Monkey. For men and women who don't just wait for things to happen.

THE BRASS MONKEY from HEUBLEIN

Heublein Brass Monkey®. 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. © 1974, Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101

he wanted to be. He went to work for him. Locke McCorkle, once a successful building contractor, abandoned it to be the chief house manager of Franklin House, a spectacular mansion that serves as the executive offices of *est*. His main life goal, he says, "is to create more space for Werner." Ted Long relinquished a hugely lucrative law and political career to become a trainer, for about 10 percent of the income and a fraction of the glory. Earlier in his career, singer John Denver wanted to give up everything to be a trainer, but Werner wouldn't allow the sacrifice.

"He has the most phenomenal ability to inspire people," says Randy McNamara. "The contribution that man's genius will leave on this planet is comparable to Galileo or Newton or Freud," says Ted Long. What these devotees feel for Werner—and you'll just have to believe me on this—is *not* idolization or awe. Since there is plenty of *that* among recent graduates who lurk about just to get a glimpse of him, and since I felt some of that myself at first, I quickly learned to discern the difference. What the staff feels for Werner, and he for them, is love. Love, not in the Western sense of romantic, fantastical, sexual, worshipful attachment, but in the Eastern sense. The *est* definition of love is "to be able to accept people the way they are and the way they're not, which means they have the space to move from where they're at and they don't have to."

He is 39 and looks 25, with an angular sharp-featured face and a strong, husky body. My first sense of his physicalness is his eyes, green, exceptionally clear and riveting. When they connect with you it is almost impossible to look away. His energy immediately overwhelms you while, strangely, his sexuality is almost entirely laid-back, contained—purposely, one senses. He hugs me and kisses me on the mouth when we meet in his office, a rather disconcerting introductory gesture. I soon observe that everybody at *est* kisses and hugs everybody. It's the club handshake.

We're served an elegant, non-cholesterol dinner in his office (the townhouse is a collector's dream of shells, folk art and plants) and he gives me a brief bio, none of which, interestingly, bears much logical connection to his current station. He grew up in Lower Marion, Pennsylvania, as Jack Rosenberg, son of a Jewish father in the hotel and restaurant business and an Episcopalian mother. He had an ordinary growing up, was neither remarkably studious, athletic nor popular, got married right out of high school and had four kids. In his early 20s he fled the East, changed his name en route (after reading an *Esquire* magazine piece on the plane about Germany, in which was mentioned Wernher von Braun and Ludwig Erhard), settled in San Francisco. He married his current wife, Ellen, with whom he has three children, and became vice-president of Parents Magazine Cultural Institute. (When he "got it," he went back to clean up his past life. Now, *everybody* in his family has been involved with *est*.)

"He was always a legend, no matter what he was doing," recalls Gonneke Spits, the employee who's been with him the longest—eight years. "He was quite driven and not satisfied then, but he represented for me the certainty that IT was possible, that if anybody could Get It, he could. That's why I hung around." His talents were in motivating others, and he spent over 36,000 hours ("the working life of two psychiatrists") doing just that. I met a young woman who worked for him selling the *Book of Knowledge* door-to-door, when he was sales manager of Grolier. "It was the creepiest job you can imagine," she says. "The only reason I stayed past one day was because Werner had this THING about him and you just dug being near him." Admittedly, it sounds Svengali-ish, but I knew that evening, eating raspberries across the table from him, what she meant. I now understand the nature of his power much better, but I felt it even then.

You are totally responsible for your life; you are the cause of all your experience. "Responsibility," in *est* terms, is defined as "the willingness to acknowledge that you are cause in the matter"

We talk that night about what *est* is and isn't. His verbal style is a funny amalgam of cosmic consciousness and Philadelphia sidewalk. "What's the matter with belief systems?" I ask, aware that they are the *est* villains, the killers of aliveness. He answers: "Belief is a disease; a belief system is myth, created by knowledge or data without experience. If you experience something which is real for you and you communicate it to somebody, it's real for them. If they communicate it to somebody, it's bullshit, concept, belief. Now belief is very powerful; you can cure cancer with it, or kill people. I earned my living for years training people to believe. The problem is that beliefs are a state of hypnosis, automatic, and totally non-nurturing. Like, the degree to which I have beliefs about women, I can't see you; not only that, but I can *prove* to you, from my beliefs, that what I see is true."

MS: Do you believe in anything?

WE: No. And I think very little. I observe and experience a lot. The biggest freedom for me was getting *beyond* belief. By the way, it's a failure of *est* that there are people out there believing in us, in me.

MS: Don't people go through the training with the expectation of instant salvation, of "getting better"?

WE: Everybody goes every place to get better. We've been conditioned to look for answers outside of ourselves. But that's not what people get from us. What they get is an experience of Enlightenment, which is different from the belief system called Salvation. If I get the idea that God is going to save me, therefore I'm all right, that's salvation; if I get the idea that nothing's going to save me, therefore I'm all right, that's enlightenment. Enlightenment happens in a second, out of time, instantaneously. There's no way to become enlightened except as spontaneous experience, which is why the training can be done in four days. As a matter of fact, it could be done totally on the last day, since all the first three do is to open people's consciousness up so they can get it.

MS: Are you on an ego trip?

WE: My big fear in the beginning was that I was on an ego trip, and I worked on that for a long time. Then I discovered that I am. As long as you're playing in the game, you've got an ego and the notion that you don't is absolute and total ego. The real secret is whether your ego runs the game or you do. And the only way you can transcend your ego is to accept it.

At this point, a few words about Werner Erhard. I've thought a lot about why he affects people as profoundly as he does—myself included. Charisma—you should excuse the expression—is problematic to analyze and almost impossible, I discover, to communicate. Much about the Pied Piper phenomenon is indeed mystical and some powerful things—a migraine, an LSD trip, Beethoven's Ninth—simply have to be experienced. So it is, essentially, true of Werner.

I, like others, view him as unlike anybody else who inhabits my planet. On the very simplest level, he is a supremely gifted teacher, showman, communicator. Beyond that, he is intriguingly dualistic—

for much of what you can say about him, the precise opposite is also accurate. He is, for example, completely open and utterly impenetrable, driven and serene, keenly sexy and totally neuter, a little boy and wise old man, salesman and mystic, sharpie and saint, piercingly bright and unable to spell, exquisitely sensitive to others and not vulnerable himself.

More: He moves through spaces like a Thor missile—focuses on you intently, as if nothing else exists, but when he's finished doing it, he's finished and it's as if you're invisible. I have experienced a modicum of his anger and become terrified, but by the time the terror has traveled my whole nervous system, he's through with the rage. I mean, it's gone.

He is the only nonjudgmental human I've ever come across. As far as I have observed and felt, he sees and accepts people completely, as they are, the effect of that acceptance being that a safe space is created for me to be exactly who I am, without fear or pretense. That's a simple-sounding notion but, in fact, is profound, and carries with it titanic, irresistible power. I've noticed in myself, from these weeks of being in the Erhard orbit, a constant series of "aha" awarenesses, mushrooming "getting its." Much of that is no more ephemeral than a contact high from his overflowing storehouse of energy. But not all.

A teenage training session: "You have a friend for life if you want us."

It is precisely 9 p.m. when the sergeants arrive to hustle me out, the next appointment in. Werner, like everybody for whom *est* is the life mission, works 18 hours a day, seven days a week ("as much as possible," says Rafferty), for little money—Werner takes $30,000 a year in salary—and travels incessantly. For the monthly trainings are only the beginning of *est* activities. Every few months Werner speaks before a large throng in each of the cities in which *est* operates. These events are always sold out weeks in advance, with no advertising. Eighty percent of the graduates continue on in a series of seminar programs. Then, *est* runs special trainings for children, teenagers and educators, communication workshops, recently a three-weekend training for inmates at Lompoc Prison in California, and a feminist seminar for 1,200 *est* graduate women in San Francisco.

The public assumption is, of course, that *est* is raking in the money in its mass enlightenment circus. As it happens, that's false. The only activities that bring in profit are the monthly trainings— $200. 250 people, 5 cities. Everything else operates at a loss, and the corporation is organized so that its cash flow is used to expand the services. For instance, I asked Don Cox, the president of *est* (former V.P. of Coca-Cola), what the financial situation on the Lompoc Prison training was, and he explained: "There's no way to estimate what it cost *est*. We were paid nothing; the direct expenses were approximately $3,000 to $5,000 and between $15,000 and $20,000 in terms of staff time and something considerably more in terms of income that might have been earned had that type of training been offered in the normal profit-making way."

Projects such as a workshop at a school in Watts, a training in Harlem, the graduate seminars ($32 a head, for a 10-session course), a 6-day training review for graduates ($35 a person)—all function at a financial loss. The Foundation, nonprofit, was recently set up to sponsor research activities into human consciousness and is currently supporting a lengthy psychiatric study of the training's outcome by Langley-Porter Institute in San Francisco. The *est* advisory board, consisting primarily of prominent physicians and psychologists, counsels *est's* programs and expansion.

Nobody at *est* is hanging around to make money. That's not the game. The salary range for staff is from $7,200 to $30,000 a year and, anyway, only 65 people actually get paid, whereas the voluminous work is accomplished by over 1,000 volunteers. Everything from the massive mailings to graduates, to phone solicitations, to assisting at events, to washing office windows. A young *est* assistant drove me to the airport once and recounted a typical story: He works in Sacramento as a systems analyst; three nights a week he drives the hour and back to San Francisco to work at the *est* office doing whatever there is to do and spends all his weekends there. Why? "I can't think of anything that's more fun," he beams, "more nourishing." I know what you're thinking—aha, a haven for losers, lonely folk banding together, not facing the real world. As it happens, it's far more interesting than that. The scene at the *est* office resembles a fictional convention of the Most Likely to Succeed award winners of America. Club members who are fresh-faced, together, ebullient, non-smoking WINNERS.

There are no corporate politics here, no manipulating for power, wheeling-dealing, climbing over bodies or into bed in order to rise on the ladder. No stealing of pencils, or calling in sick. Even Werner, who produced it, doesn't fully understand it. "I've never seen an organization that functioned with such integrity," he says, "that totally supported whatever it was supporting. The staff looks upon the world as a place to play the game 'clean-up-the-mess.' "

It is, in fact, a totally contagious atmosphere. And very funny. A bouncy voice answers the office phone with, "E.S.T., THIS IS SO-AND-SO. HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU?" If somebody tells me he will phone me at 3:00 with, say, some information I need, I know he will phone. If he calls instead at 3:20, we will have an *est*ian conversation "acknowledging" that "he broke an agreement," "getting clear about it," "cleaning it up" and "taking responsibility" for it. On the other hand, *est* teammates rarely fuck up.

As the *est* way of life requires an all-consuming dedication, getting on staff is no picnic, but an ordeal of service and sacrifice not unlike the path toward priesthood or becoming a Zen master. I ask Werner how he trains trainers, the most crucial of his satellites. "Everybody comes out of the training wanting to be a

trainer," he explains. "What I do is to set up an obstacle course and whoever gets through it is trainer. The course is made up of anything they're unwilling to give up, anything they're attached to, anything they need in order to survive. It's a huge sacrifice. What they have to give up is their ego." Only four have made it so far. Stuart Emory was a filmmaker in Australia, Randy McNamara a p.r. executive with his own firm, Ted Long a prominent attorney and Landon Carter a teacher in India. None of the four was a therapy/growth/discipline freak before taking the training; now *est* is their lives.

Randy used to travel with Werner and fix his tea during trainings. "After a while," he recalls, "I could see that carrying tea was the same as doing the training. It's a job to be done, it's service. When I became clear that I could carry tea forever and dig it, I became a trainer." (Reminiscent of Gurdjieff's aphorism, "If you can make a perfect cup of tea, you can do anything.")

Nobody at *est* cares what job they're doing and, in fact, Werner purposely doesn't permit attachment to any one task, shifts everybody around constantly. The motor is propelled by the spirit of service: the staff serves Werner while Werner serves the universe.

Two psychologists with whom I spoke, however, criticized the organization for such self-effacement. Will Schutz, author of *Joy* and a heavyweight in the encounter world, says: "I don't like the fact that everybody is a little Werner, with the same 'dry look' and the collar outside the jacket. The best gurus have no followers." Bill Zielonka, a Los Angeles therapist, says: "I don't like the in-group thing of *est*. The structure gives a powerful message—'Stay with us and we'll give you freedom. But not from us.' Their language is indicative of identifying with the group rather than a positive way of communicating. My main concern is that Werner's producing an army of people marching in goose-step, shouting how free they are."

Werner himself appears concerned, as *est* mushrooms daily. "If we become a movement," he says, "we're finished." So he holds back on Colonel Sanders-type expansion and has ruled that volunteers assist only for a specified time period and then leave *est*.

Clearly, the relevant issue about *est* is—does it work? Does it affect people's lives in a way that is long-lasting and meaningful? In the last two months, I've questioned over 30 *est* graduates, specifically those who did it over a year ago. And I cannot find *anybody* who hasn't found it valuable. And, in truth, by my informal survey about 85 percent claim graphic, dramatic alterations in their existences. Here's a sampling:

"I'd been on five Valium a day for a bad back. In the training I got to look at why I'd chosen to give myself that condition, in a concentrated way that I'd never done before, even in five years of analysis. Now I never take the pills and my back seldom pains me." That from an executive at Columbia Pictures.

A guidance counselor in New York says: "I got to see all the lies I lived by, like my bullshit about how I love people. The truth was that I was scared to death and didn't trust anybody. That's changed a lot now."

"The first thing was that I got cleaned up about keeping basic agreements, like being on time and telling the truth. When you become a person people can depend on, that's huge. And it's really the simplest level of the training." This woman, who subsequently completed her Ph.D. in child development, has established with her husband a bimonthly family council in which they and the four kids (they've *all* taken *est*) air everything that's on their minds about each other.

Many in the group have traveled through remarkable interior spaces, chipped away at lifelong barricades, communicated and begun to dissolve "stuff" that was running them by its very secrecy

Rene DeKnight, the musical director of the Fifth Dimension (four of whom are *est*-niks), leads guest seminars and is considering abandoning it all to become a trainer. "It's the only game I see that's worthwhile," he says. "Show business doesn't make people happy, it just gives them some escape." A personal manager to actors in Los Angeles writes into his contracts that clients must take *est* if things aren't working for them. "I'm not interested in handling anybody who doesn't have his thing together, who won't take responsibility for his life," he states.

The testimonials go on and on, and if they sound like miracle-working, well—that's practically *all* that I've heard. The specifics of personal transformation are but variations on the identical theme—we thought of ourselves as powerless, now we take the responsibility for our lives. And, in fact, my own subjective experience—although it was only a few months ago, so I am cautious in reporting it—is that life looks quite different when viewed from that position.

A study was done by Behaviordyne Inc., a psychological testing corporation, on personality changes in people three months after taking the *est* training. Results indicated that measurable changes occur, specifically in improved self-image, coping capabilities and willingness to take responsibility. Women showed a greater range of change than men, the apparent explanation being that above all else, *est* allows one to connect with his/her power, the area in which women have been retarded.

The differences I can measure in myself are mostly attitudinal. Nothing overwhelms me as before, nothing seems tragic or permanent, my energy—always high—seems limitless these days. I am more direct with people, and have a stronger sense of living in the moment. Two more : 1) I have had a lifelong phobia of flying in small planes, sometimes so bad that I've fainted mid-air. In the course of this adventure, I've had to fly several times in little aircraft piloted by either Werner or Randy. They've both worked with me, via *est* processes, on my dread, and as of one month ago, it appears to be gone. 2) I went to Squaw Valley, in the Sierras, for three days in July to observe Werner leading part of a 10-day *est* training for 65 teenagers. While I was perched in the back of the room, awed by the visible changes in these kids over the few days and moved by Werner's abilities to affect them, I had a dizzying thought: I would give up writing and go to work for *est*. I have never considered that with any of life's options before. The thought hung on for a week or so, then faded. For the moment, at any rate.

Clearly, *est* is not a panacea, a penicillin, nor a replacement for any of the other functioning implements in the salvation tool chest. "Consciousness is all there is, there *isn't* anything else," Werner said dramatically one afternoon in Squaw Valley, and I was struck by the cosmic hilarity of how, hot on the heels of the technological perfection of the American Dream, *consciousness* is the real idea whose time has come—perhaps the only trip that will ultimately work. *est* isn't The Answer—even Werner would agree to that—but for sure it's one of the better games in town. ●

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The women in the mines

Wilkesville, Ohio—If they're working the day shift, they roll out of bed as the sun is climbing above southeastern Ohio's Appalachian hills, stretch aching muscles, wash up, and then pull on work clothes still dirty from the day before. Today, for 21-year-old Linda Guisinger of Glouster in Athens County, the clothes are a yellow sweat shirt, bluejeans, steel-toed safety shoes and a blue work shirt. Thirty air miles away (but you can't travel straight lines in the hill country), 29-year-old Sandra Sines of McArthur in Vinton County is donning blue coveralls and the same heavy work shoes.

They meet around 7:00 in a plain green metal building in a third county, Meigs, a half-dozen miles north of Wilkesville, and check out their lamp-equipped hard hats. Guisinger carefully piles her long braided hair atop her head and adjusts the hat, a ritual unnecessary for Sines, whose hair is as short as that of many of the 375 men who are the rest of the work force at Southern Ohio Coal Company's Meigs Mine No. 2.

An elevator stands ready to carry the day shift down through 300 feet of soil, clay and rock to a dark maze of man-made corridors with 20-foot-thick, nature-made ceilings of solid limestone and floors of fire clay. There, Guisinger and Sines crawl into now-misnomered "mantrips"—squat yellow vehicles with extra-strong roofs—which will carry them to their work assignments underneath the 66,000 acres of rural countryside that the American Electric Power Co. is mining to feed the nation's ever-growing hunger for energy.

Miners Guisinger, Sines and Lindbergh Arnold.

The work for the women—whose yellow hats are mining's symbol of the novice—varies from hand-shoveling coal spilled from mechanized conveyor belts to training on the machines that have made the pick-and-shovel trademark of the United Mineworkers Union almost obsolete. Sandra Sines learns to operate the "roof-bolter," the machine which drives steel shafts into the overhead limestone to diminish the ever-feared threat of a cave-in; Linda Guisinger trains on the "buggies" which provide underground transportation for the miners and their equipment.

There was a time when a woman in a coal mine was considered the baddest of bad luck omens. Mining was dangerous business and one of its compensations was the miner's macho image as warrior/he-man who braved the dark underworld to supply a nation with fuel. But mechanization and the crumbling of sex barriers to employment have brought a scattered, but growing, handful of women like Guisinger and Sines into the mines. The motive is money. At $42.50 a day plus

time and a half for overtime, Sines is one of the highest paid female residents of Vinton County. Both women earn more today than they ever have before.

Linda Guisinger has lived all her life in an old mining town and there are miners among her ancestors, so the romance of the mine may have touched her as it touches many of the sons of Appalachia. But Sandra Sines arrived in southeastern Ohio just a year ago and had no previous contact with mining. Both, however, must make their own living: Sines is divorced and Guisinger is separated from her husband (she leaves her 18-month-old son in the care of her sister while she is at work in the mine).

The reporter may want to probe for deep reasons why young women would take such unusual employment, but Guisinger and Sines refuse to help. Guisinger pulls a pack of Marlboros from her shirt pocket and extracts a cigarette with calloused hands black with dirt as she contemplates the obvious question. Her arms are thick and strong, her body stout,her round face smudged with coal dust at the end of this day in the mine. "I needed a job,"she says. "My brother-in-law [a miner] said they had to hire some women in the mines so I came down. Grandpa was a coal miner, so I decided to try it."

Sines, who looks as seasoned as her colleague, provides a similar answer. "I just thought: it's a job and if they hire me I'll go to work and if they don't hire me I'll have to keep looking."

The only real problem with being a woman in Meigs Mine No. 2, they say, is the lack of bathhouse facilities. While the men shower and hang their mine clothes up to air out and dry, Sines and Guisinger climb into their cars and wait to wash off the coal dust at home. But that inconvenience will be remedied soon with the construction of another locker room, not only for Sandra Sines and Linda Guisinger but also for the two additional women expected to start work in the near future and for the others whose employment applications are on file.

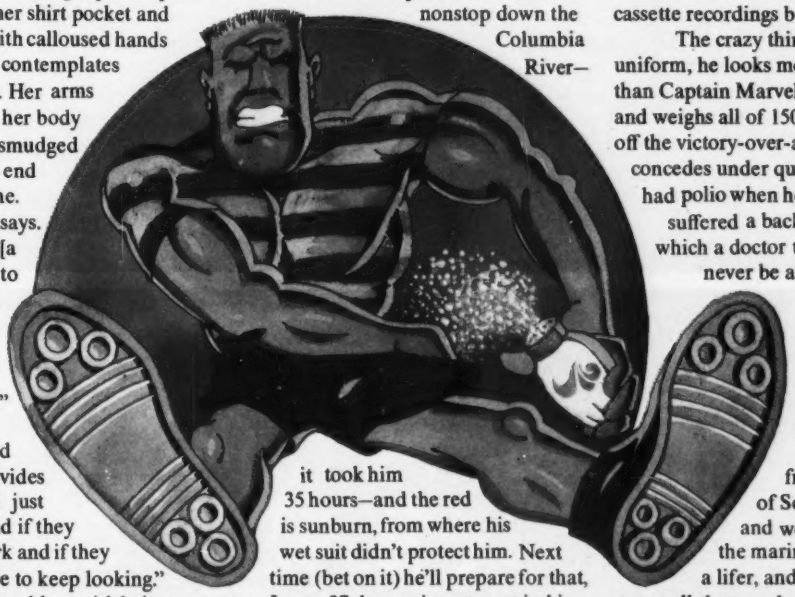
—By Tom Price

A place in the Guinness Book of Records

Portland, Ore.—Capt. Alan Jones greets you at his recruiting office with the spit-shined directness of a Marine Corps officer on the way up: firm handshake, steady brown-eyed gaze, boyishly open smile. He could pose for a magazine ad. He's wearing polished black shoes, the famous Marine blue-trousers-with-red-stripe, an immaculate short-sleeve khaki shirt (with a modest row of ribbons) open at the neck to reveal the unwrinkled triangle of a snowy-white T-shirt. He's got a wiry build and face cut like a tomahawk. His dark hair (no sideburns) is cropped short. Very short. Jones is a tough cookie.

But the thing is, he looks like he's wearing clown makeup. What the hell? He's got this . . . this . . . *big red oval* on his face, as if he's been spray-painted.

The Punchinello look embarrasses him. "Yeah," he grimaces. "I thought I'd prepared for everything, but I didn't figure on the reflection from the water."



Jones has just swum 100 miles nonstop down the Columbia River—it took him 35 hours—and the red is sunburn, from where his wet suit didn't protect him. Next time (bet on it) he'll prepare for that, too. Jones, 27, has an investment in his body and he's not about to get careless.

The swim was just a warm-up. His real goal is to break into the *Guinness Book of World Records* by swimming the Mississippi River. Lengthwise.

"The long-distance swimming record is 1,826 miles in 176 days," Jones says. " Some guy did it in 1973 to win Ripley's Believe It Or Not prize. I know I can go farther, and faster. I'll swim approximately from Minneapolis to New Orleans." Jones will begin on July 4, 1976, in honor of the bicentennial celebration.

But right now Jones has sit-ups, not swimming, on his mind. His discovery of the *Guinness Book of World Records* must have been like Hugh Hefner's discovery of girls; he suddenly found his mission in life. When Jones saw that the listed record for consecutive sit-ups (on a hard surface without feet pinned) was 25,222, he decided to go after that record immediately. "I'm doing 2,000 sit-ups a day in practice," he says. "The biggest obstacle to overcome is chafing on my tailbone. I haven't found the answer to that yet."

One of Jones' first stunts was to organize a four-man relay team that ran the 310-mile length of Oregon, border to border, on Interstate 5. It took them 40 hours. Next, Jones swam 40 miles down the Columbia River and ran a few white-water rivers. Not in a boat. In a wet suit. "It's scary at first," he says, "but after you survive a few of them, it doesn't seem like a big deal."

Jones works out ferociously twice a day and ingests a nutritional overkill of vitamins, minerals "and about 30 different supplements." He reads books on motivation and listens to motivational cassette recordings before going to sleep.

The crazy thing is that, out of uniform, he looks more like Billy Batson than Captain Marvel. He stands 5 feet 9 and weighs all of 150 pounds. To round off the victory-over-adversity fable, he concedes under questioning that he had polio when he was 5 years old and suffered a back injury at 17, after which a doctor told him, "You'll never be able to do any heavy lifting and you'll probably be confined to a desk job the rest of your life." He remembers *that* prediction vividly.

Jones graduated from the University of South Dakota in 1969 and went on active duty in the marines the next day. He's a lifer, and proud of it. "I was never all that good at traditional sports," he says, "so I decided to concentrate on endurance events. I want to see how far I can push myself, maybe go where no one has ever gone before."

Note: On Aug. 16-17, Jones did 27,003 consecutive sit-ups, breaking the world record and getting one hell of a chafing after all. The stunt took him 30 hours; he hoped to go faster but ended up spending a lot of time pouring baby powder down the back of his trunks. After a night's sleep, he went back-packing with his wife and daughter.

On Nov. 10, Jones announced, he'll weight lift 199,000 pounds by pressing his body weight once a minute. He says that will be a record for endurance weight lifting. Then he'll start getting ready to swim the Mississippi River.

—By Ron Abell

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The All-New Civil War

The boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the clash of saber: the Blue & Grey meet again in the Deep South— Deep South in California

By Paul Boorstin

Whoopee! Here they come! The Rebels scream like banshees, their bayonets slicing up the sunlight, firing double charges of black powder. kaPOW! Colonel Gary Helms, Confederate States of America (and proud of it), swings his saber like a nine iron. kaBOOM! A Union cannonade explodes overhead; the colonel belly-flops into the cool green grass. The barrel-chested warrior squeezes off two shots with his 1858 Remington cap and ball revolver. "chaAARGE!" He runs galumphing up the hill, a portrait of valor.

When the smoke of battle clears, the colonel is writhing on the ground, clutching his leg in agony. His wife, Sharon, rushes over and rests his head on her billowing gingham hoop skirt. "Did you bring the blood, sweetie?" the colonel asks the Southern Belle.

"Oh, gol darn it, I must have left it at home," she sighs.

"How the hell do you expect me to look wounded without any blood, for Chrissake?"

"I'm sorry, sugar. I'll pick it up when I drive the kids home for lunch. Why don't you just try limping?" Colonel Helms hobbles grumpily off the field of battle, minus his Red Badge of Courage.

This is southern California's newest sport, which, next to mastodon hunting, is probably also the oldest team activity on earth. It's called war, or more properly, skirmishing. There are over 100 skirmishers in southern California alone, and their numbers are growing steadily. Skirmishing groups exist on the East Coast, too, but they reenact Civil War battles on historic anniversaries or shoot at paper targets. Nothing very exciting about that. What makes these California Confederates a new breed in American sports-recreation-for-the-whole-family is that the attraction is more folksy. The targets are human. The grassy field of honor where Blue and Grey will clash this brilliant Sunday afternoon is in the San

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID STRICT

Fernando Valley suburb of Thousand Oaks, "freeway close" to Los Angeles, as people out here like to say. The Confederate bivouac tent is pitched on a green meadow, convenient to parking space for campers, pickups and boat trailers, plastered with Confederate flags and "America—Love It or Leave It" decals.

"TEN-SHUN!" Sergeant Major Jerry Baunsgard calls his troops to heel. "Right HACE! Forward HARCH!" Baunsgard has cast himself adroitly in a fastasy role he fits to a "T". He looks like the lovable sidekick in a John Wayne saga, his suspenders stretched taut over a ballooning belly, holding up gold-striped cavalry trousers. The sergeant major slings a double-barreled shotgun jauntily over his shoulder. The bull-necked Rebel, a truck driver when he can find the work, crams a plug of chewing tobacco into his mouth and spits a translucent yellow missile at a butterfly. "I saw action in World War II and Korea," Baunsgard explains, "but the Civil War was different. The only time we ever had Americans fighting on both sides. Seems like the only war that kept everybody happy."

The Confederate troops form a scraggly row, ranging in height from 6-foot Sergeant Bruce Dick to the 4-foot "cadets" who are the colonel's young sons. Their grey coats are refurbished waiters' uniforms. Their high-button shoes are ice skates with the blades pulled off. And they are armed to the gills, with pistols, rifles, shotguns, bayonets, hunting knives and cavalry sabers. The troops are so heavily laden with weaponry that when the Confederate flag is run up a flagpole, the Rebels' bodies clank and rattle as they salute. Colonel Gary Helms eyes his assembled forces with heavy heart. "Twelve men. Twelve lousy men!" They include a general, a major, captains and lieutenants, sergeants and corporals. He's got plenty of chiefs, but not enough Indians. Only three privates. Three privates in the whole Confederate army! And today *two* are out sick. That leaves only one pudgy teenager, Private John Helms (no relation to the colonel of the same name, Colonel Helms repeatedly points out). Private Helms to deliver dispatches. Private Helms to clean the cannon. Private Helms to salute his superiors, kowtow and act generally self-effacing. The colonel, who decides on the ranks his men will hold, hasn't found many recruits willing to settle for the stripe of a Confederate Pfc. The weekday jobs of these Confederates range from fork lift operator to shipping clerk, high-school teacher and telephone installer. The colonel is a computer maintenance man. Some of the others are unemployed. When they act out a fantasy, at least they want some glory they can sink their teeth into. Someone to click to attention when they pass, and to follow their commands fanatically into the jaws of death.

Brigadier General Jack Helms, 65, who also happens to be Colonel Helms' father, strokes his impeccable grey mustache and struts along the line, resplendent in gold braid, red sash and inlaid dress sword. On the way to the battle today, he got a flat on the freeway and had to undergo the indignity of changing tires in his full-dress duds. Only now is he regaining his composure. The general, a retired

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Boorstin is the producer-director-writer of The Big Cats, *a National Geographic television show on disappearing breeds.*

welder, nurtured his dream of military command during the 30 years he spent taking orders as a chief gunner's mate in the Navy. "I made a personal study of the War Between the States. There was 15,000 Rebs in southern California. They marched east to join their Confederate brethren, but they all got arrested in Arizona. Seems they didn't have the ready money to buy ammunition."

The general scans the Union fortifications with a brass spyglass. On the left flank, priming their cannon with a double charge of black powder, is the 1st California Volunteer Light Artillery, "A" Battery. Twenty men in blue. These Yankees have no delusions of grandeur. Not one of them has stepped forth to assume the role of major, colonel or general. Their highest rank is captain. But "A" Battery is the least of the general's worries. It's the others, the 24th Michigan Iron Brigade Infantry and Band, that stick in his craw. Thirty men. Or, to be more precise, 30 squirming 14-year-old boys, mostly from St. Joseph Junior High School in Hawthorne. Twenty-eight-year-old Captain Steve Schmitt, slim and handsome in his tailored uniform and plumed hat, founded the group 10 years ago as a marching drum and bugle corps. But recently the musical aspect of his organization has taken a back seat. "My drummer boys love combat," the captain boasts. "Kids are waiting in line to join. We literally don't have enough guns to go around."

The general squints across the battlefield at the teenage Union troops as if peering across the generation gap. Surprisingly, this pitched combat between young and old seems to breed mutual respect. As General Helms puts it, "Those kids do a heck of a job. Why, in the Civil War battle of New Market, VMI cadets no older than them wiped out a whole passel of Yankees. You're never too young to fight." Along the skirmish line of the 24th Michigan Brigade, a squabble disrupts the ranks. Two 14-year-olds wrestle for a loaded rifle. "Hey, this time it's *my* turn to kill someone." The others are too busy girding for battle to pay them any heed. With a skill born of practice, they snap foot-long bayonets onto their muzzle-loaders.

The general closes the spyglass with a snap. A total of 50 Union troops. "Tough odds," the general snarls, "but that's what us Rebs are used to."

Knowing that few of his men will emerge from combat unscathed, Colonel Helms inspects his troops, straightening a collar here, staring down the barrel of a pistol there. "Our motto is safety," the colonel says. "Anyone found using deadly live ammunition instead of the mandatory blanks is in for a strong reprimand." The colonel moves slowly along the line, inspiring his troops with jocular good humor. They share an unspoken bond which welds them together into a dedicated fighting force. Though none of them are from the South, as the colonel likes to put it, "We are all of the Confederate persuasion." To end inspection on a positive note, Colonel Helms demonstrates an important piece of Civil War lore to his men, showing them how to clean the barrels of their rifles by urinating into them. Here, too, marksmanship is of the essence.

How can a Yank or a Reb look properly wounded with anything but gen-yew-wine Max Factor blood?

The time has come to meet the opposition. Major Chuck Worth, his saber stabbed through a white flag, strides with the colonel and general to the center of the battlefield. Major Worth looks out of place here, with shoulder-length hair, a long droopy mustache and eyes reflecting a mystic faraway gleam. He seems more a hippie than a soldier. Why did Colonel Helms elevate him to the lofty rank of major? He owns much of the equipment the Confederate army is using. It's his football. The three Confederate officers join Union leaders in the center of the battlefield. The opponents do not shake hands when they meet. After all, there's a war going on. Right away, Colonel Helms has a bone to pick. "This time, I want to see more of your boys dying." The Yankees are apologetic. "We'll make sure they do." General Helms issues a jaunty challenge, "Gentlemen, see you on the field of battle," and the adversaries separate again. Already, the little shavers at the other end of the field in the 24th Michigan Iron Brigade Infantry and Band are hammering out a drum roll, an ominous, drawn out "Budda..Budda..Budda." Then kaBOOM! kaBOOM! The Union artillery speaks. "boWOOM!" The Confederate cannon answers, and Private Helms rams in another powder charge. The roar of the artillery is deafening, but the troops don't flinch at the sound, their senses numb, their minds fixed on a dream. They have forgotten their wives, the mortgage, the Communist menace and the back payments on the camper. Their muscles are tensed to charge, their eyes searching through the cannon smoke, trying to pick out a human target, like men looking for a lover. One of them shouts across the field, "You're mine, Yank." "Come and get me!" the reply.

An acne-scarred bugler sounds the charge, and the Rebs march forward resolutely, bayonets fixed, rifles cocked and at the ready. "Steady men!" The major's voice is fierce, his eyes blazing, his long hair flailing in the wind like General George Armstrong Custer or Charles Manson. The gum-chewing kidlets on the hill take aim but hold their fire, drawing a bead on men old enough to be their fathers. Six yards closer, and Captain Schmitt yanks down his sword: "fiIIRE!" BLAM BLAM BLAM! Bodies tumble in

the grass under the withering volley. The prepubescent marksmen are shooting blanks, of course. So how do the Rebs know when they are hit? "The honor system," Colonel Helms is quick to answer. "We never tell a man when to die. When a guy gets shot, it's his *duty* to drop dead." Poor Private Helms is the first to take it in the neck, toppling into the grass, the victim of an imaginary blast fired by a freckle-faced drummer boy. "I like to die early, so I can get a little rest," the private explains.

"Prepare to fire!" Each Rebel's trigger finger is tense and tingling like a reproductive member, waiting to twitch once, explosively. The gunfire will invite only temporary death, lasting five or ten minutes, but it is a sacrificial act they have waited all week to perform. The major is wild-eyed, a revolver clutched in each fist, teeth clenched. In the uphill fight, the Rebs fare better than expected, because of chaos in the Union ranks. Captain Schmitt is beside himself. His callow force of 14-year-olds is decimated by desertion. "Come back, *please*!" he begs. His kids have wandered over the hill to pee. A few return half-zipped, dragging their rifles on the ground. Just in time for the wild-eyed major's onslaught. He fires once, and three youngsters bite the dust, eager to please. The major's troops overrun the Union fortifications when a bugle sounds. . . LUNCH! The dead and wounded stand up, brush off their clothes and hurry to opposite corners of the field. "You really work up an appetite out there," says Private Helms, pulling a "3 Musketeers" from his ammo pouch. Sharon Helms is back at the command tent with bologna sandwiches she brought from home, plus a shampoo bottle filled with blood. Although their uniforms are homemade, when it comes to gore, only the best will do: strictly Max Factor at $25 a gallon, the same kind used in Hollywood. "We save the blood for the last battle of the day," Mrs. Helms says. "It's real hard to wash the stains out." While the troops munch Ding Dongs and Twinkies, someone plays "Dixie" on a harmonica, the fragile tune soon drowned out by a transistor radio blaring the top 40. Ordnance Sergeant Dick and Major Worth while away the time charging each other playfully with fixed bayonets. The others watch, amused, and have a beer. Old Pappy Helms, the general, is grumbling because in an unguarded moment he sat on his sword. The saber is all bent out of shape. Each Confederate's outfit costs a minimum of $300, which makes skirmishing almost as expensive a sport as polo. Here clothes make the man. The Confederates preen and strut, admiring each other's gauntlets, spurs,

capes, greatcoats, feed bags, haversacks, ammunition pouches, mess kits, canteens and suspenders. They have a fetish for brass, leather and steel, and huddle together for hours, discussing the insignia on a holster flap or the dimensions of an antique ramrod. As Major Worth puts it, "It's got to be 'period' or we don't want it."

After lunch, the private picks up every scrap of litter at the campsite. Mrs. Helms watches with amusement as the hobbledehoys on the Union side load their weapons for the next skirmish. "I get such a kick out of them. They're so cute, so young and excited." She laughs. "No matter how many times we shoot 'em, they just don't want to die!"

KABOOM! The battle erupts again, and this time as the Rebs advance, the Union mysteriously holds its fire. The colonel is wary. "Look out! It could be a trap." The men hunker down in the grass. In the Confederate camp, the general stands on tiptoe to see. Then a cry rings out from behind Union lines. "Hold everything! My dog just backed into a cactus!" For 10 minutes the assembled multitude waits with itchy trigger fingers while the spine is removed from the whimpering mongrel. When the dog trots out, wagging its tail, the impatient troops have waited long enough. "Let's get this show on the road!" somebody shouts. Now, when the Confederates assault the Union battlements, the pint-size soldiers of the 24th Michigan Iron Brigade Infantry and Band surge forward in a vicious counterattack. At point-blank range, Colonel Helms blasts it out with a 15-year-old Yankee, the Confederate falling honorably from multiple imaginary wounds. But the young whippersnapper keeps right on banging away as if nothing had happened. The colonel bellows furiously, "Say, son, how many times you have to be shot before you're killed?" The boy can

take a hint. "I'm sorry, sir," he says meekly. "I forgot." And he falls as hastily as possible, with a convincing groan.

Around their prostrate bodies, a fierce hand-to-hand battle rages. The tobacco chewing sergeant major, brandishing the Rebel flag in both hands, charges the Union battlements. He is cut down by a wall of fire, still clutching the banner in his death throes. "AAaargghh!" A horde of lilliputian Union troops try to rip the staff from his hand, to snatch the flag as a battle trophy. But Baunsgard won't give it up. "Hey, mister, you're dead!" they shout at him, outraged, clinging tenaciously to his arms and legs. "Rigor mortis," he screams back through clenched teeth, and tightens his grip. "Rigor mortis!" All attempts to pry his fists off the flagpole fail. It takes five minutes of dragging him across the meadow like a McCormick reaper before the prize can be wrenched loose.

Throughout the fray, a bearded young man in a blue sailor's uniform and white spats has been standing on the sidelines. No one has paid any attention to him, because this is an army battle and he has the lack of propriety to belong to the Union navy. Even his own troops won't give him the time of day. Surly and sullen, he has loitered around the sidelines, taking grudging potshots at the enemy. But now, in the heat of battle, the sailor unsheathes his cutlass and, lifting it above his head with both hands, stabs it down at poor Private Helms. "Die, dog! Die!"

"My God!" The colonel gasps in horror as the sailor thrusts the sword down with all his might. For a moment it looks like the private is skewered clean through. But slowly, weakly, he picks himself up. The sword missed him by a few inches,

and quivers in the ground. Colonel Helms roars with good-natured laughter. "Private, we really thought you had it that time!" Private Helms is so rattled, he forgets he is dead, and waddles away. The sailor, basking in his momentary glory, picks up his sword and struts back to the sidelines, wreathed in smiles.

In the final crescendo of battle, bodies fall in a grotesque ballet. In two minutes everyone on both sides is strewn on the ground, dead or wounded, contorted in every conceivable Mathew Brady pose of noble agony. Sharon Helms, in her billowing hoop skirt, tiptoes gingerly over

Sergeant Dick gives a glottal death rattle. . . . "He's gone," says the nurse and shakes her head

the twitching human limbs, careful not to get the Max Factor blood on her dress. Her finger pulses on the trigger of a home-movie camera. A squad of Confederate nurses in starched white aprons minister to the wounded. Nurse McAllister, who is an R.N. in real life, too, cradles the crumpled body of Sergeant Dick in her arms. He gives a convincing glottal death rattle and goes limp. "He's gone," she says, and shakes her head. In the distance, someone is crying. It is one of the Union drummer boys, who just got a painful black powder burn from firing his gun. His tears are real. Nurse McAllister hastily smears the blister with ointment before returning to tend to the imaginary casualties. Back at the Confederate command tent, now a makeshift field hospital, she and her assistants simulate the amputation of a leg, and use up all the Max Factor blood during the gruesome operation.

On a ridge above the battlefield, a hundred college students gape down in amazement. They are on a Passion Pilgrimage, an inspirational trek run by neighboring California Lutheran College. The hikers have walked into the hills to experience the Christian peace and quiet of the outdoors. Their leader tears them away from the spectacle below with a rousing chorus of "Onward Christian Soldiers." A few glance back over their shoulders for a final look, as in the Confederate camp troops take turns shooting blanks at blindfolded prisoners of war, firing squad style.

And then. . . the command tent is struck, rifles and revolvers cleaned, the field pieces loaded onto their trailers. "Goodbye, General." "So long, Major." "See you next week, Captain." Now that the guns are silent, Union and Confederate shake hands all around. No one says goodbye to Private Helms. Huffing and puffing, he carries the tent on his back like the True Cross, while a sergeant, lieutenant and corporal issue him conflicting orders. He stumbles under the heavy burden, and Sergeant Dick puts him in his place. "Just remember, Private, if you don't like it here, you can always transfer out!"

When the troops are ready to go home, the colonel salutes his men. "Mount up!" They climb into their station wagons and campers, and drive away. As he cruises home on the freeway, Colonel Helms puts his arm around his wife Sharon. They seem as happy and content as the day they were married, three years ago. The wedding was a tasteful Confederate ceremony, with Gary in dress uniform, his wife in a southern ball gown of lace and satin. Gary cut the cake with his sword, before they made their triumphal exit through a tunnel of crossed sabers.

In addition to commanding the Confederates, Colonel Helms is founder and president of the Civil War Association, for four years a federation of both Union and Confederate skirmishing groups. "Being a Confederate isn't all glory," the colonel is quick to explain. "It's basically hard, demanding work. And it can be dangerous." One Civil War unit lost a man who stood too close to the business end of a cannon. "We're not just a parade ground outfit. We're active in combat 12 months a year, rain or shine. But I don't like to drag a man away from his family on Christmas or Thanksgiving Day, if I can possibly avoid it."

Like any true sports aficionado, Gary Helms' whole life revolves around skirmishing. And considering how popular ritual warfare is among primitive cultures, there's no reason this updated version won't catch on in California. After all, war has always been a favorite American pastime. It's just that no one ever called it a sport, until now.

Colonel Gary Helms is a man of dreams, as well as blood and iron. He hopes someday to raise enough money to build an exact replica of the Confederate White House in southern California. That way, young people who may never have the opportunity of visiting the original structure in Richmond, Virginia, can still be inspired by the concept of the presidency and learn to respect the highest office in the land. The Confederate White House is only a symbol, perhaps. But for Colonel Helms, it is something real to fight for. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY CARLOS OCHAGAVIA

science fiction is

for teenagers ☐ for physicists ☐
for creeps ☐ for real ☑

Today's sf writers interpret your nightmares, analyze your neuroses, plumb your libidos and suck out your ids

By Harlan Ellison

If you stuck your hand down inside Richard Nixon's mouth and reached as far as you could, down where the morality ought to be, and grabbed onto whatever was handy in that empty space, and yanked the sonofabitch inside out, what you'd have would be something the first astronauts who'll land on Delta Eradini IX might have to dicker with. An alien.

No. Strike that. If I had been predicting what the final disposition would be in the matter of Milhous—and events have moved so fast I've had to rewrite this lead four times since I began—if I had been writing it as science fiction . . . speculative fiction . . . that hideous neologism "sci-fi" . . . whatever we're calling it currently . . . it would have read like so:

Ford wouldn't have been such a patsy. He would have crossed Nixon up and refused him the immunity that turkey won in the plea-bargaining just to go away; then, in my little fantasy, events would move swiftly. They put him on trial, they move with all deliberate speed (like the Galapagos tortoise trying to find the sea), a miracle gets passed and they convict him. And they sentence him to be put on public display, every day for 10 years, in Washington, D.C. Not in the stocks, nothing like that. Just standing there on a little platform, maybe three steps up; and every single American citizen, every man, woman and child, would be permitted to come and get in line and walk up those three steps and confront him, the King of the Thugs, and have the right to slap him. Just once. No closed fists. Just flat palm. Across the cheek. Or if it were a legless vet from the Nam, maybe across the mouth. But only once. Four hours in the morning. Break for lunch. Four hours in the afternoon. That's how I'd write it.

And some poor sap would call *that* science fiction.

Yeah. Sure.

Catch this: fantasy has become reality a k a reality has turned into fantasy. If you, for a nanosecond, doubt the inescapable truth of that theme, consider the following "fantasy" concepts which, if a heavyweight sf writer like James Tiptree Jr. or Kate Wilhelm were to use them as the basis for a story in *Analog* or *Galaxy*, they'd be receiving letter bombs from crazed Trekkies out there in The Great American Heartland.

• A chief executive is faced with the choice of exploding or not exploding a thermonuclear instrument that, he is advised by responsible scientific authorities, may well break off a large chunk of the North American continent and float it off toward the polar ice cap. And he does it, sort of lackadaisically, with his left hand, offering without substantiation to the public the rationale of "national security."

• The attractive young daughter of a millionaire publishing magnate gets kidnapped by revolutionary militants and, in a cliche replay of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, falls in love with her captors and joins them, becoming a burp-gun-toting bank robber herself.

• A soldier massacres an entire village of innocent people, down to the last terrified infant, and when he's court-martialed, doesn't go up before a firing squad; he's put in a cozy bungalow with visiting privileges for his girlfriend.

• Out of nowhere, an "energy crisis" develops in a world long-warned of impending depletion of natural resources. It lasts six months and the sole effect it has on anyone is that gas jumps 30 cents a gallon in price; the "crisis" vanishes as quickly as it appeared, and no one seems to care they've been jobbed for millions of dollars.

• A mediocre novelist dreams up a bogus biography of a mysterious recluse billionaire, markets it to cynical and businesswise publishers for a small fortune, convinces the most trusted national periodical that it's authentic, and only gets caught because his ineptitudes are so flagrant even a microcephalic could not overlook them.

Don't stop me. I could go on for *days*. Are they utterly fantastic, science fictional phantasms you'd reject if you read them in a short story or a novel? The *ayes* have it. No self-respecting writer, in or out of the field of sf, would touch them. Too silly. Too ripe for being exploded by simple logic. Far easier to write about bug-eyed, guacamole-colored extraterrestrials from Proxima Centauri.

But. Nixon *did* explode the Amchitka bomb, Patty Hearst is *still* at large, Lieutenant Calley hasn't *yet* gone to prison, we're *still* spinning widdershins from that "crisis" only six months ago and *nobody's* driving at 55 mph, Clifford Irving *did* flummox *Life* and McGraw-Hill, and yes, I now believe in the Easter Bunny, the Great Pumpkin, Santa Claus, Ronald Reagan and other mythical beasts.

All of which kinda answers the question sf writers get asked at cocktail

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Harlan Ellison is a prolific free-lance writer and has received several Hugo awards and Nebula awards for his work in speculative fiction.

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parties: "Do you have a hard time keeping up with reality in your fantastic stories?"

And in case you don't catch my drift here, the answer is, hell no, we don't have a hard time keeping up with reality; we try to ignore it; we're way ahead of it; who can deal with such craziness? Fantasy makes more sense. Or more precisely, we're too busy reaching down into its gullet and yanking it inside out to worry that Mars is another Okie Dust Bowl instead of the faerie landscape of spires and minarets that Ray Bradbury envisioned in *The Martian Chronicles*. Ray isn't even worried: you ain't gonna catch him in a million years. Nor any of us.

We're your special dreamers.

We're busy interpreting your nightmares, analyzing your neuroses, plumbing your libidos and sucking out your ids. We *know* you're scared shitless that some computerized waldo-armed machine is going to replace you at the chicken-flicking shop. We *know* you can't handle the rise of feminism, you poor machismo-drenched wimps. We *know* future shock and the information drain and technology confuse you. And God has sent us to make it all better. (We've got a few thoughts on *that* subject, as well.)

Which is why academicians who used to be sunk to their armpits in dissections of the use of the semicolon in the lesser works of Henry James have fastened themselves like succubi to the throat of science fiction, sucking here and there for a pulsing carotid artery of Doctoral Thesis Material.

No longer is there a need, in articles of this sort, to explain what sf is: "scientifiction." You know. It's being taught in almost a thousand U.S. colleges and universities as an accredited course; learned papers are delivered by Jesuit priests at Modern Language Association conclaves, sandwiching in discussions of the Utopian visions of Ursula K. Le Guin between Virginia Woolf and William Faulkner; Fowles writes sf, Nabokov writes sf, Pynchon writes sf, even Allen Drury (God save us) writes what he *thinks* is sf. Asimov can be seen lounging next to this year's cinema sex symbol on the *Cavett Show*, Robert Heinlein gets only slightly less for a lecture than Jeb Stuart Magruder and doesn't even have to go to the slam for the privilege; and the World SF Convention now draws over 4,000 rabid fans who come to touch the hem of Roger Zelazny's coat-of-many-colors.

You don't need to know that sf in its modern incarnation began with Hugo Gernsback's *Amazing Stories* in April 1926. You don't need to know that the lineal history of the art form goes all the way back to Lucian of Samosata and can be heroically traced through the works of Homer, Thomas More, Swift, Mary Shelley, Mark Twain, Poe, Hawthorne, Balzac, Doyle, Wells, Kipling, Verne, Huxley, Orwell, Hersey, Barth, Burgess, Borges . . . that whole crowd. It isn't necessary any longer to reiterate those musty credentials. (Though every time a television talk show features sf, it lumbers through that bone yard; and sf writers featured as guests on such shows murmur the ritual incantations of "acceptable" writers who've worked in the form, thereby demonstrating the persistence of an inferiority complex that began with the pulp magazines and their lurid covers.)

Validation of the importance of sf as virtually the only viable fiction form being written these days comes from anomalous and unexpected corners: pianist Garrick Ohlsson is featured in a booze ad and lists as his most memorable book (sic) Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood's End*; the taste in leisure reading matter for government clerks and congressmen in Washington has switched from spy novels to sf (and doesn't *that* send a chill up your spine!); the staid and conservative Hayden Planetarium puts on a series of sf films—which series gets sold out the first day—and has the editor of *Analog Science Fiction/Fact* magazine as host; porn star Georgina Spelvin (*The Devil in Miss Jones*) comes out of the closet and cops to her most secret vice . . . she's a sf freako-pervo-devo.

Originally written by science hobbyists who were more Technocrats than Tellers of Tales, early sf was top-heavy with gimmicks

As an explanation, in part, of the booming popularity of speculative fiction—it's the only category of fiction outside Gothic novels that consistently makes money for paperback publishers—two words must be herewith entered, at the risk of causing massive coronaries among many of the old guard of sf fans. The words are "New Wave." In 1965 when the "New Wave" controversy exploded in the genre, I would have insisted no such thing really existed. As recently as last year I found myself saying in print that no such thing as a "New Wave" ever *had* existed, that it was merely a great number of writers suddenly breaking loose, all at the same time, and taking the form in directions quite different from the traditionally accepted paths. But *this* year, what with the many learned reexaminations of sf by critics and other noble types, I'm compelled to admit that, yeah, I guess the New Wave was a real thing. (You'll never know how it pains me to have to admit it. Humbly, I now accept the label of antichrist slapped on me by the hard-science types who insisted I was a cabal leader in the New Wave movement. There's even one brain-damaged fan who takes every possible opportunity to write in to magazines where my work appears, to pillory me for single-handedly polluting the precious bodily fluids of science fiction. Watch the letter column of this magazine; he's bound to surface . . . like the rotting skeleton of a stegosaurus in a bubbling tar pit.)

Originally written by science hobbyists and aficionados of imaginative literature who were more Technocrats than Tellers of Tales, early sf was top-heavy with gimmicks, the physical sciences, papier-mâché heros and the cliches of "romantic fiction" that avoided reality as much as possible. In the late '50s and early '60s the new writers coming to the form found themselves hamstrung and frustrated by conventions in the genre that limited their horizons. Experimental writers like Ballard, Moorcock and Aldiss in Great Britain and Disch, Wilhelm and Spinrad in America (to name only a six-pack), began writing and publishing stories that spoke about war, politics, sex, race and labor relations, interpersonal relationships, the drug culture and a wide range of other "excluded" topics; they wrote about the real world in fantasy terms—in ways that had never been permitted between the covers of magazines often edited for the acceptability of the mothers of 14-year-old boys only recently weaned from The Incredible Hulk and Tom Swift Jr.

The foofaraw should have died away immediately. It was no big deal. There's always been more than enough room in sf for *every* kind of writing. But those who had grown up with sf as a secret vice, who had been laughed at by their contemporaries for reading *that crazy stuff*, saw in the New Wave a desire to accept the traditional literary values of the mainstream, of "good" writing. Nothing could have threatened them more. "Good" writing always meant, to them, dark and introverted examinations of the twisted souls of losers and other non-subscribers to the Protestant Work Ethic. They foresaw sf anthologies and maga-

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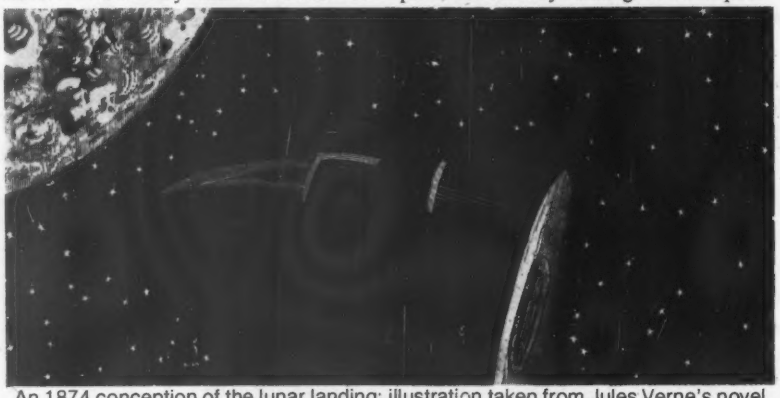
zines filled with Portnoys. (But the closest they got was Malzberg's Herovit, which was bad enough for their tender psyches.) Everything was moving too fast for them, everything was changing as sf became popular very quickly. And while there was balm in being accepted as legitimate, finally, at last, they resented the blurring of the boundaries. Why, one could board the New York-Washington, D.C., air-shuttle and see simply *anyone* reading a Philip K. Dick novel or a hundredth reprint of Van Vogt's *The Weapon Shops*.

It's a recognizable syndrome. The *Cahiers du Cinema*-oriented crowd in New York loved the work of Sam Peckinpah . . . as long as he was starving and couldn't get a gig; today he's accepted everywhere, and they put him down. The rock in-group at *Rolling Stone* enthused over Three Dog Night until they became enormously popular with the mindless masses *Stone* rejects in its infra-hip columns . . . now they won't even mention the group. The in places to dine, the unknown writers, the singers with one record . . . they're much beloved, till they're "discovered" and become common coin. Then the bloody faithful who have borne with it, through insult and being ignored, turn like asps. And when Vonnegut—wisely, for the sake of a promising career and an enormous talent—made it perfectly clear that though some of his early stories were published in sf magazines, he was *not* a science fiction writer (and, not coincidentally, hit the best-seller lists soon after), you could hear the screams of betrayal and denunciation from the sf audience a hundred light-years off.

But the truth of the matter is simply that the incredible popularity of sf on college campuses and in intellectual circles can be traced to the new breed of sf writers who, while maintaining the best elements of what was written before, conceive of themselves as *writers*, not science hobbyists. Some of them, without the slightest touch of pomposity, in almost an antic sense, look on themselves as serious creators. They laugh at themselves and the world, but they know damned well what they are doing is meaningful—something the old guard always doubted. Can't blame them, really: one cannot be laughed at for 40 years without some feelings of ego weakness and insecurity rubbing off.

And that is one part of the reason for the current success of sf. Its practitioners are committed men and women. The other part is that sf writers have grasped the import of the reality-into-fantasy concept. They understand that most of the things happening to us cannot be interpreted by Schlesingers or Theodore H. Whites or even Updikes and Erich Segals in any ways that relate to our pain. In short, mimetic fiction has done had it. When the contemporary novel dead-ends in the cul-de-sacs of Chuck Barris and Harold Robbins and Rona Barrett and poor, sad Portnoy making love to a piece of *flanken*, those who still have dreams seek elsewhere for that which uplifts and ennobles and explains. Apparently desperate, the ones with hope have turned back to the ancient tradition of the myth, the fable, the allegory . . . science fiction.



An 1874 conception of the lunar landing: illustration taken from Jules Verne's novel *From the Earth to the Moon.*

In a world where lies abound, where parents and teachers and politicians and clergy and one's peer group try to pass off the three-dollar bill as stable currency, the sf writer simply says, "What if?" And it is that ability to extrapolate, to seek the new rationale, the hidden design that fascinates so many hungry minds. For those unable to accept the ready rigamaroles of Business-as-Usual, Jesus-freakdom with all its anal retentive fascism, the endless confusion of the sex-wallow, the sterility of middle-class suburban life, the soullessness of the academic tower, the mud-fly madness of occultism or the empty roads leading from the lands of dope and liquor, sf suggests: *Find a new order to the universe, Dummy! An order in which* you *play a major part, not just as a cog. Be strong, be wise, and* understand life *has* to amount to more than paying off the mortgage, or getting laid regularly, or earning an extra 30 cents an hour, or landing that windowless berth at National Cash Register, or simply going bananas and shooting motorists from an overpass.

They perceive in sf stories a common thread of humanity, that there is a *community of life* to which we all owe allegiance before the false karasses of city, state or nation, color, religion or social set. There is a bigness, a oneness that vibrates throughout *all* sf, that says we are not alone down here, as Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson put it, "lost in the stars." We are cognitive elements of something universal that has an unkillable cathexis for survival . . . for *form*!

Struggling to cope with the evermore-deadly pressures of a world in which order changes daily, in which generations come every 15 minutes, in which language is so polluted that "the inoperative statement" becomes acceptable euphemism for "lie," young people of all ages find a refreshing truth in the fantasy-lies of science fiction.

And not even bad movies like *Zardoz* or *Soylent Green* or *The Omega Man* (for all the money they make because the audience is manna-hungry for *good* sf), or bad TV series like *The Immortal* or *The Starlost* or *Planet of the Apes*, or bad books whose numbers are legion—not all of the unspeakable shit shoveled at the mass market and the moron mentality and *called* sf can slow or kill the hyperthyroid attraction of science fiction.

It is a literature of ideas.

A literature of imagination.

And with the real world turning into an Hieronymous Bosch landscape before our very eyes, with Fords pardoning Nixons, with whole countrysides being swallowed by concrete and Colonel Sanders' grease stops, with the persistence of attempts to make us behavior-modified Barbies and Kens, the mad dreams of the fantasists emerge as far more than amusing entertainments to be sniffed at by the Epsteins and *The New York Review of Whatever*.

They become a subversive weapon in the preservation of our sanity. They become the two-penny nail we've hidden in our palm, to cause us the pain we need to resist the mindwashing. They become the secret whimsies on which our thoughts fasten when, like Winston Smith in 1984, we are thrown into whatever Room 101 the System thinks will whip us into shape.

If Henry David Thoreau were alive today, when he wasn't busy taking a leak in Walden Pond, he'd be writing science fiction. ●

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MOVIES

An intimacy with history

By Frank Rich

Louis Malle, the French filmmaker, has unlocked a dark moment in his country's recent past and spilled its innermost workings across the movie screen. To watch his new picture, **Lacombe, Lucien** (now in commercial release after an opening at this fall's New York Film Festival), is to understand how the gestures of ordinary people form a web of behavior that later becomes history. This film about Vichy France, like Marcel Ophuls' 1971 documentary on the same subject, *The Sorrow and the Pity*, is one of the best movies ever made about history, because Malle realizes that history is not the same thing as hindsight and that, furthermore, it has nothing to do with either the recapitulation of headline events and personalities that is the style of an extravaganza like *Patton* or the ideologically right-minded sentimentality that is the dodge of a *Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. *Lacombe, Lucien* opens with a title card containing that old Santayana quote about how "those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it"—a warning that, in its usual, useless currency, has come to mean that the next time we spot an Adolf Hitler we should snuff him out before he seizes power. Malle ignores the knee-jerk simplifications that have accrued to Santayana's maxim and proceeds to cut to its true heart instead. This director appreciates that evil is not always recognizable at first glance, that the cruelty of a society can grow out of a complex collection of circumstances which, when viewed at close range, can be as distressingly ambiguous as a patch of colored specks on a Pissarro canvas. In *Lacombe, Lucien*—which is set in rural southwestern France in 1944—Malle views his fallen and Nazi-occupied country on its own terms and from an intimate perspective—one that does not take into account the moral judgments that, 30 years later, can be all too smugly applied. That's why, although this movie deals with a specific time and place, its impact is so troubling and far-reaching: Malle teaches us how to remember the past—any past—as it looked *then* rather than how we might choose it to look now.

Due to his scrupulous adherence to this line of attack, Malle runs the risk of alienating audiences who expect even sophisticated films about Nazi criminals to be laden with recrimination and tears; *Lacombe, Lucien* is not to be confused with *The Shop on Main Street*, *The Diary of Anne Frank* or the aforementioned De Sica film about the victims of wartime Italian collaboration. Nor does this new picture permit the easy audience identification of Malle's other best works—films like *Le Feu Follet* (*The Fire Within*—1963) or *Le Souffle au Coeur* (*Murmur of the Heart*—1970), which offered instantly appealing protagonists. This time the central character, Lucien Lacombe (Pierre Blaise), is an inarticulate 17-year-old peasant farm boy who joins the French gestapo by default—for no better reason than to have something interesting to do in a society that doesn't present too many other alternatives for its uneducated, provincial sons. Malle presents the character as neither an abject villain nor an innocent wrongdoer who later sees the light and seeks redemption. Lucien is just an unformed, blank-faced roughneck who, bored with his job as a janitor in a country hospital, at first tries to join the Free French and, only after he is turned down there, drifts into the commandeered hotel that serves

Albert (Holger Lowenadler) and France (Aurore Clement) Horn with Lucien (Pierre Blaise) in Malle's *Lacombe, Lucien:* distressing ambiguities.

as the headquarters of the local occupation forces and their collaborators.

The fact that Lucien is ignorant of just about everything except hunting (a skill that puts him in good stead with the fascist police) does not—at least in the abstract—absolve him from criminal guilt, but it does keep us from dismissing him with a wave of a self-righteous hand. It's easy to see how this boy who knows nothing of sex or politics or even manners might be drawn to the twilight world of this smoky "Hotel des Grottes," with its perpetually open bar, its easy women, its glint of intrigue and its promise of action. (Today he might be captivated by television instead.) Such is the extent of Lucien's simplicity of mind that he appears to be genuinely surprised when the gestapo arrests and beats up the schoolteacher whom he had identified as an underground resistance leader during his first night at the hotel. Lucien's instincts come from the forest rather than from a society rooted in logic, and, in this way, the character is practically a Malle-version of Truffaut's "wild child," with *Lacombe, Lucien* being to some degree a chronicle of his education into "civilization." Only here the hero is taught not by a doctor of the Enlightenment, but mainly by the rootless misfits who cluster around the remote outposts of the Vichy government.

For Lucien, these people are a glamorous lot; the air of their hotel is ripe with the sounds of jazz music, radio news broadcasts and feminine giggles—a heady cacophony of sultry pleasures that, not so incidentally, helps drown out the screams of the torture victims upstairs. As a fledgling member of the German police, the youth gets to meet romantic personages of a type they didn't have down on the farm—an ex-bicycle riding champ, an ex-policeman who had been dismissed as an "undesirable" in '36 and a jaded, aristocratic dandy named Jean Bernard (Stephane Bouy), whose film-star lover, Betty Beaulieu (Loumi Iacobesco), hangs around the hotel bar inscribing glossy photos and plugging her movie, *Night Raid* (which, she assures the new recruit, is all the rage in Paris). No experience that Lucien might have in the company of this crowd is too banal not to be absorbed; he's a human blotter. At the hotel he learns how to dance, how to drink cognac, how to fuck and how to hunt people instead of wildlife. He learns that Jews are France's "enemies" and that even Marshal Pétain himself is an "asshole." He learns that when a man calls a woman "mama," that man might be the woman's husband and not her son. When Lucien and some of the other gestapo invade an upper-class home to arrest a resistance doctor, the boy sits down in a fancy straight-back chair with such tentativeness and gravity that you realize that even this object is, for him, a novelty.

Lucien's most instructive lessons, however, occur not in the hotel but in the home of Albert Horn, a middle-aged Jewish tailor from Paris who hides out in a shuttered top-floor flat in town. Jean Bernard, whose father had once been a friend of Horn's, protects the tailor and his family's hiding place in exchange for pay-off money and free made-to-order suits, and one day he takes his newfound friend and comrade there to avail himself of Horn's blackmail-induced generosity. The dark apartment, littered with the books and papers that bespeak a lifestyle of civility and literacy, might as well be Mars, so alien is it to the agrarian tradition to which Lucien is accustomed. And the quiet tailor in a recluse's bathrobe (Holger Lowenadler, a Swedish stage actor here giving a remarkable performance steeped in intelligence and bottomless hurt) is a figure of such dignity and grace one is repeatedly astonished to find him and Lucien breathing the same dusty air. Since the boy soon falls in what he believes to be love with Horn's fragile blond beauty of a daughter, France (Aurore Clement), the two men come to see a lot of each other; Horn, having no choice but to admit this wild animal into his old-world domain, settles into a pose of unresponsiveness—his tired, baggy eyes flickering with the judgments he makes but rarely verbalizes. Horn has simply seen too much to be shocked or act rashly: he's a Jew who has learned the hard way that survival is all. Even when Lucien tries to assert his authority by letting loose with some anti-Semitic cracks or gesturing with a machine gun or threatening the arrest of the entire family (which also includes the tailor's aged, Yiddish-speaking mother, a woman who counts out her days with nonstop games of solitaire), Horn retains his regal poise. On those rare occasions when he bristles visibly, his arched eyebrows betraying the calm of his voice, he ignores Lucien and addresses his curt expressions of concern directly to his daughter, who has been drawn to her peculiar lover both out of lust and out of her hope that he might help the family escape to Spain. Hearing one of Horn's uncommon outbursts at dinner one night, the boy yells back, "You should be thrashed"—a brute show of force he mistakenly believes will gain him some points with the daughter. But Lucien is out of his league; he isn't even playing the same game as this family, which shares an affection light-years removed from his tight psychological scheme of clear-cut love and hate. "I don't need you to appreciate my daughter," the father answers him. "France and I are very much alike. We're very sensitive people." Lucien can't begin to reconcile these words with the spat he's just seen with his own eyes. He doesn't have the vaguest idea of what the tailor is talking about.

Indeed this protagonist has little talent for fitting any of the pieces of his experience together. He hasn't known France too long before he quite guilelessly takes her to one of the fascists' boozy nocturnal gatherings. The 20-year-old Jewess, with her delicate pianist's hands and the tranquil demeanor of a scholar, is an unlikely visitor to the hotel's violet-hued den of hate and flatulent decadence, to say the least, but her austere physical radiance does carry her through the evening for a while. At least until the hotel's maid, who had introduced Lucien to carnal delights when he first arrived, erupts into a tantrum of jealousy streaked with epithetical shrieks of "dirty Jew!" While Lucien is there to catch his date as she collapses under the weight of convulsing sobs, he can offer no comfort beyond that of his body, for he doesn't know that there is anything for the heart to give. "Marie [the maid] is usually very nice," he says apologetically, as if the maid's vicious tirade were a manifestation of a passing cold. Later, he and France make love for the first time, in the upstairs room that serves as both the hotel's bath and torture chamber.

Soon thereafter Lucien moves in with the Horns, a step that drives France's father to an act that, like so many in this movie, is subject to several interpretations. Having failed in his attempt to get Lucien to talk "man to man," he dresses up in the immaculate dark suit of a Paris *boulevardier*, complete with pocket handkerchief, pearl tie stickpin, hat and cane, and, feeling like his "old self," leaves his home to saunter down to the hotel. There he suffers the inevitable deportation to a concentration camp, as surely he knew he would—but to what end? To punish his child? To admit defeat? To force the gestapo, out of their own bigotry, to break up the "interracial" romance? As Horn—a commanding and proud paragon of gentility even as he passes through this pigsty—is

taken upstairs for "interrogation," he sees Lucien and explains only, "We didn't talk about France."

Throughout *Lacombe, Lucien* such mysteries hang in the air, confounding the traditional expectations Malle's story might arouse. "Tell Jean Bernard his father would be ashamed [of him]," Horn tells Lucien at one point, adding in the next breath that "then again, I don't give a damn." Before embarking on his fateful trip to the gestapo, the tailor says to the boy, "It's odd. I can't bring myself to hate you." Jean Bernard, though trying to set the proper example in his role as Lucien's mentor, concedes one night that he, too, had once had a Jewish girlfriend: "Some Jewish women," he confides, ". . . make other women look like cows." And always, in this movie where form and content are completely inseparable (Lucien himself is played by a farm boy who has never acted before), we are reminded of the harsh contrast between the depravation behind the town's closed doors and the lush panorama of the French landscape outside, full of virgin foliage and the giddy chirping of birds.

When the whole Vichy structure collapses, like a gaudy mirror that has been smashed into splinters of lifeless glass, Lucien beats a retreat into that countryside, taking France and her grandmother Bella along with him. But even now, Malle is careful to undermine any assumption we might make about his protagonist's sudden generosity of spirit; while it's possible that Lucien has obtained a moral education, in addition to his new worldly awareness, as a result of his months in the gestapo, it's equally likely that he may be revolting against his former compatriots only because one of their number had pulled rank and relieved Lucien of a war-loot pocket watch that he had appropriated for himself. Whatever his motives for turning his back on the selfish values he had so recently embraced, Lucien now puts his hunting talents back to their original use—to obtain the food he and the women need to survive. Through an extended virtuoso series of nearly silent, almost pastoral tableaus of varying duration, Malle uses spatial relationships and changes in the camera's point of view to put across the film's final and most haunting gasp of ambiguity, this strange peace that France, Bella and Lucien achieve together in their flight to an uncertain future. This montage, as well as the picture itself, concludes with separate, long-held, sphinx-like closeups of the oddly matched lovers and then a final footnote that, rather than wrapping up the lessons of this tale for us to take home, opens them all up, leaving us as uneasy as we should be in the face of history. *Lacombe, Lucien* most profoundly fulfills Santayana's dictate that we remember the past, and, as it does so, Louis Malle also makes us remember just what great filmmaking is all about.

While **Amarcord** (Italian dialect for "I Remember"), Federico Fellini's exultant new comedy, ostensibly unfolds in a small Italian town of the 1930s, no one should be too shocked to learn that its creator's heart still belongs to the circus. Once Fellini finishes rearranging the elements of his self-contained setting, and then bathes those elements in that iridescent light which is characteristic of his vision, the place becomes a carnival of the imagination—a grand and fantastic big top run riot with spectacle, passion, wit and magic. Better still, and unlike some other latter-day Fellini circuses, this one does not shortchange its main events for the sake of some freaky sideshows; *Amarcord* is populated by people who at times tend to resemble clowns rather than clowns who sporadically remind us of people. The movie is, on the whole, a reunion between Fellini and his past, both literally and creatively speaking: the '30s town of *Amarcord*—with its bubbling central square, its stretch of white beach and its citizens who view life's promise of romance as a birthright—takes us back not only to the landscape of the director's youth but to that of the films of his *Cabiria*-period (the '50s) as well. Reunions, of course, are as likely to be depressing as not, but *Amarcord*, I'm pleased to report, falls completely within the province of the euphoric.

Fellini's *Amarcord*: a poetic reality elevating the humdrum to paradise.

The movie has no story to speak of; its structure is associative and cyclical (and, from time to time, a little tenuous), beginning and ending with the arrival of spring. If there's a central protagonist, it's Titta (Bruno Zanin), a pubescent youth who, during the course of the esthetically compressed year in which the film takes place, must come to terms with his oddball but loving family at the same time that he confronts the new and inexplicable longings of his heart and groin. Once again Fellini has also sent forth a plaintive town whore (Josiane Tanzilli) outfitted in raised eyebrows and a short, flowing dress that is the costume of life's eternal waifs—but she is only one of a number of lovely creations who float fleetingly through this recollected wonderland. There's also a crusty grandfather (Giuseppe Lanigro) who enjoys farting only slightly less than he likes using his fist to pantomime the pleasurable athleticism of sexual intercourse, and, most of all, there's Gradisca (Magali Noel, a Lorenesque figure of phantom-like beauty), an unattached beautician who embodies the entire populace's dreams of the possibilities of life and who is this movie's equivalent to the woman in the white sports car of George Lucas' Fellini-indebted *American Graffiti*.

Amarcord additionally boasts a narrator of sorts, a middle-aged man who does his ineffectual best to fill us in on the history, culture and legend of the natives and their Roman-Celtic forefathers (whose guiding spirit, he explains, derived from their "loyalty, exuberance and tenacity"); this narrator has his share of trouble at getting a word in edgewise, for this is a town where anyone and everyone will seize any available opening to address the audience directly. Indeed, no single character can begin to compete with the collective personality of the community as an entity; whatever the brilliance of *Amarcord*'s various human parts, the whole is always greater, largely because that total picture springs from the sensibility of a consummate filmmaker who seems to have abandoned the grotesque to seek a surprisingly mellow peace with himself and the rest of the human race.

As he blends the characters with their physical environment to create a unified scheme of cinematic imagery, Fellini arrives at a poetic reality that

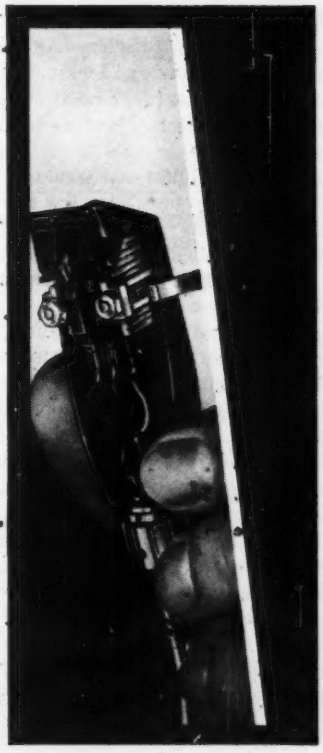
both expresses and redefines his basic material. Most of *Amarcord* elevates the humdrum of existence to the ecstatic reaches of paradise—if not always from our point of view, then always from that of his characters. When the townsfolk stay up all night in boats ranging from dinghies to yachts to watch the passing of an ocean liner on its maiden voyage, you can be sure that when "The Rex" finally appears, cutting through the mist with its diamond-bright lights, it will be splendid enough to pay dividends on the emotional stock the onlookers have invested in it. When young boys feel the urges of manhood and start to become what the local priest refers to as "touchers," they are blessed with a rich catalogue of masturbatory apparitions to cherish (the gamut runs from their math teacher to a large-breasted tobacconist to Jean Harlow)—each of whom, they are confident, could easily live up to the wettest of their dreams. When Gradisca can at long last trade in the red, fur-collared outfit that drives men mad for the white of a wedding gown, her neighbors are resolute in their belief that the rather dull and plain-looking policeman whom she takes as a spouse is every bit the "Gary Cooper" that they and she have always expected to be her just due in love.

Given that this is a Fellini film, miracles, too, are not unheard-of phenomena in this town. A glorious peacock can appear out of nowhere in the snow, a midget nun can turn up to rescue a man who has taken refuge at the top of a tree, a sheik can appear with a harem of 30 women who then proceed to seduce the local peanut vendor. But such are the persuasive powers of Fellini's talent that these occurrences are no more or less enthralling than the exotic patterns of cigarette smoke illuminated by a movie projector above Gradisca's head as she sits alone at a matinee, or the emptiness of a family kitchen after a parent has died, or the first arrival of a winter's snow. The people of *Amarcord* do not distinguish between the aberrations and the certainties of their world; the enthusiasm they evince over the arrival of a champion racing driver is no greater than that with which they contemplate the perfection of a chicken's egg or the stars of a pristine night.

Along the way, one wonders whether the anecdotal approach Fellini brings to *Amarcord* is a directorial trick, an easy way out of giving shape to this broad spectrum of memorabilia (an appearance by Il Duce's henchmen, complete with their torture tactics, is especially unassimilated), but one tends to forget the stray fragments by the final half-hour. When winter comes, *Amarcord* shifts quite tangibly into high gear, even as its particular universe slips into something of a hibernation. Winter is the time when the local Grand Hotel—an enormous and stunning seaside pavilion with an exterior of bleached white walls and glass—closes down, its opulent '30s-Hollywood-inspired suites all empty of royalty, its white marble terrace unviolated by the dance steps of those mysterious, elegantly dressed couples who habituate the place when the moon is full and the air is warm. Happily, the town's teenage boys, who in season must content themselves with furtive glances of this palace from peepholes in its surrounding bushes, are now pulled back to the hotel once more, drawn there by forces too primal to be rationalized. For once they have the expansive terrace, adrift though it may be in snow and dead leaves, to themselves, and, as Nino Rota's lyrical theme music engulfs the soundtrack, they begin to dance, each in his separate cloud of space, each with arms outstretched to cradle the amorous partners they know their destinies hold in store. As they dance, Fellini's camera regards them from progressively greater distances until ultimately these boys at loose in the chilly fog, lost in their most private and sublime fantasies, assume the dim translucence and idealization that are the gifts memory can bestow upon our mental pictures of the past.

From then on, the sights and sounds of *Amarcord*'s dreamy circus—the pranks of the young, the nightly promenades of the old, the squabbles of families, the gestures of a blind accordion player, the lights and shadows of the town's main square—bubble over until all merge in simultaneous celebration of Gradisca's outdoor wedding and the arrival of spring. The movie closes as it begins—with townspeople leaping into the air to grab the breeze-carried "fluff puffs" that are, for these Italians, nature's indigenous expression of its annual rebirth—and it's all so exhilarating that, when it's time to go home, you may well find that Fellini has already lifted you right out of your seat.

Speaking as one of the five or six people in the world who has found such recent Ingmar Bergman films as *The Passion of Anna* and *Cries and Whispers*, for all the bravura of their cinematic design, a bit on the psychically shrill side, I must say that the director's latest work, **Scenes from a Marriage**, comes as something of a relief. This picture—



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which Bergman has pared down to 168 minutes from its original length as a six-part, 300-minute Swedish TV serial—can actually be watched without experiencing the sensation of wanting to tear one's hair out by the roots. While I have nothing against films that grate on the brain per se, Bergman's last few efforts have not, it seems to me, offered enough emotional or intellectual enlightenment in exchange for the very real torment this artist is capable of inflicting. For this reason, you can see that I am not the person to argue that *Scenes* is an inferior piece of filmmaking to, say, *Cries and Whispers*—even though I do appreciate that the case is there to be made. Bergman's new film, with its totally accessible (and not unfamiliar) content and its tight visual deportment (brought on by the television medium's demand for extended closeups), feels distinctly less digested than many of his other pictures . . . but enough. It would be hypocritical for me to debate this point when, despite my objective recognition of *Scenes*' built-in limitations, I nonetheless prefer it to its immediate and more ambitious predecessors.

Scenes from a Marriage is an absorbing drama about the things men and women do to each other in the name of holy matrimony. While the topic is timeless, it's not without its traps—as Bergman himself would be the first to concede. In a line that is not included in this theatrical version of the picture but that did exist in the TV original (an English translation of which has just been published here), Johan, the upper-middle-class academic whose marriage is dissected by the filmmaker, tells his wife Marianne that a play they've just seen, *A Doll's House*, "damn well creaks." The judgment could apply to Bergman's screenplay, too, because this collection of scenes spread out over 10 years—a decade that takes the couple through child-rearing, extramarital affairs, separation, divorce, remarriage to others and illicit reconciliations—fits both snugly and unabashedly into that same category of marital drama. Thanks to Ibsen, Strindberg and even Edward Albee, almost any new work on the subject is bound to creak like crazy. And so, although Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann) appear contented enough when we first meet them during an interview on marriage for a sentimental women's magazine, we know damn well that sooner or later the layers of sanity and tranquility will be stripped away from their seemingly blissful existence. We also can rest assured that the time will come when these two people will try to destroy each other outright and that, when that's over, an attempt will be made to salvage the shattered pieces of their love so that they might arrive at some larger and instructive understanding of themselves and each other. *Scenes* does not attempt to defy any of these conventions of the genre, and though a price is paid in the process (the seams of the dramaturgy show during much of the film), there's no denying that the longevity of this form stems to a great extent from its validity. In the right hands, this traditional saga of how decent people learn to settle for less can have its share of life, however much it may lack in surprises.

The movie gathers steam as it goes along, and a number of Bergman's "scenes" are sufficiently exciting to make us forget that we've been here before. The best segments could well be pulled out of context to serve as separate, short films (as was the case, in effect, in Sweden)—and some might even benefit from such extraction. In "Paula," the third and my favorite of the six parts, Johan comes to his family's summer cottage to inform his wife that he's "gone and fallen in love" with a 23-year-old woman—an admission that Marianne greets at first with more bewilderment than panic. Soon husband and wife are in bed together for a farewell love-making session, but it's only a brief reprieve: there are dentist appointments and social engagements to be canceled as a result of Johan's decision to flee. When her husband finally departs in his Volvo, Ullmann and cinematographer Sven Nykvist's camera move toward each other from opposite sides of the bedroom doorway in a paroxysm of silent grief that borders on serenity. The unspoken tensions of the entire sequence are so palpable and revealing that one half wishes that the movie would end right there.

Luckily, much of what follows works with the same kind of economy—and, more importantly, fidelity to experience—as the "Paula" section. It's true that the couple's ensuing out-and-out exchanges of verbal and physical violence, as well as their recurring in-bed reflections on their lot, have an inevitability about them that I, for one, could live without, but for every bow to these old standards of sophisticated soap opera, there are flashes of invention that propel us forward: Johan's observation, after reading Paula's description of him in a letter not meant for his eyes, that "you can say anything about anyone—it always fits"; an odd and early moment of duress in which a female colleague tells Johan that the poetry he's shown her (but not shown his wife) is too weak to be good; the irresistible Bergman nightmare that wakes Marianne with a start in the film's coda section, "In the Middle of the Night in a Dark House." There is real feeling here, of the variety that sabotages simple generalizations about the characters' condition, and the cumulative effect is to make the time pass more compellingly and quickly than any description of *Scenes* might lead you to presume.

Needless to say, Bergman has, as usual, gotten exemplary performances from his cast. Since we never meet the couple's children or lovers or subsequent spouses, the film's two leads are the whole show—except for an emphatic first-segment appearance by Bibi Andersson and Jan Malmsjo as a viciously warring couple who join Johan and Marianne for a dinner party. While Ullmann is not incapable of being a trifle hard to take—I think I like her in inverse proportion to the amount of suffering she's called upon to portray—it's utterly impossible to imagine any other actress in the role of the wife. Her performance often is unbearable in its graphic depiction of pain: who else could turn the line "Oh—," which follows her husband's announcement of his departure, into a searing, strangled wail that seems to last for an eternity? Josephson is almost as fine—a rumpled teddy bear of a man with intricate crow's feet around his eyes and a bothersome air of slightly self-pitying remorse. Once the film reaches its finale—a clandestine reunion of the ex-marrieds in their old summer home after seven years of near-total separation—the tenderness we've long felt for Marianne washes over Josephson's Johan as well. Both characters have attained a measure of self-accommodation that will allow them to maintain their shared bond, though that bond no longer exists within the confines of a marriage. "I don't know what the hell my love looks like," Johan tells Marianne when they're in bed again. "I can't describe it and I hardly feel it in everyday life." It's one of the many reassuring aspects of *Scenes from a Marriage* that Bergman, for all the entries he makes in this conjugal journal, cannot nail down the look of that love all that much more than Johan can. That's exactly how it should be, if truth is to be served, and this is that rare film which turns its undeniably plain materials into modest but most becoming virtues.

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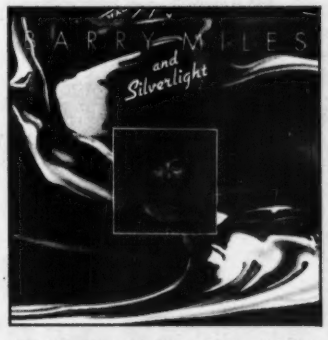

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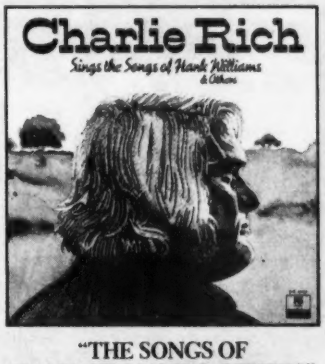

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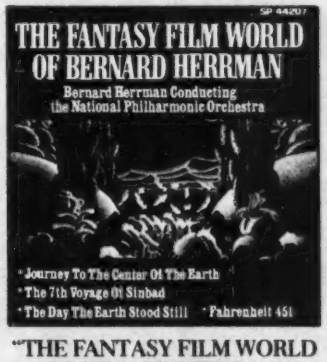
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BOOKS

Ha, Ha

By Geoffrey Wolff

Something Happened *by Joseph Heller.* Knopf (569 pp., $10).

One of the troubles with book reviewers is that they confront a work of fiction as though it were a discrete event, without reference to its author's history or the character of the air the book breathes. The other trouble with book reviewers is that they fail to treat a work of fiction as though it were a discrete event, without reference to its author's history or the character of the air the book breathes. The virtue of reviewing a writer's career, rather than his latest book, is that the reader can learn what other and possibly better yard goods from the same fabricator are on the market, and the reviewer can prove that he's done his homework, has sampled the entire kit. Also, reviewers like to issue progress reports and give grades for present performance based upon past estimations, and they like to offer prophecies: this one's a comer, the other's a goner.

The virtue of reading each book as an isolated process is that it is a more accurate means of measuring the work. Unless it is part of a serial performance, such as Anthony Powell's Music of Time sequence, or unless the characters leg over from book to book, like the Hardy Boys, a creative act is without predecessor or progeny. Authors by and large prefer to have each work discussed as a thing complete in itself, partly for the human reason that authors love their latest book best, and partly for the sound esthetic reason that a new book is a new set of problems, or old problems solved a new way, a fresh vision, an implicit confession that the book before was not a complete expression of its author's fancy. Writers, like other people, change their minds from book to book about how things should best be done, and with their minds they change their voices. It is not uncommon for a writer whose first fiction is satirical, or even farcical, to follow up with something dark and grave. It is infuriating, then, to learn from a reviewer that his second book is not as funny as his first, proof that he has lost his comic touch.

Some such charge may ambush Joseph Heller. There is no possibility that his second novel will be discussed as though *Catch-22* did not exist, or as though that first book, published 13 years ago, were written by a different Joseph Heller, as of course it was. I would guess that *Catch-22* has been the most influential fiction of the postwar years, even though it is by no means the wisest, best-made or even the funniest. It was certainly prophetic of the bald ironies and inverted motives of America's Vietnam War, and it has continued, lionlike, to block the path of mobs of lesser black comedians, dramatists and fictioneers alike. It has inspired a situational jargon of its own devising, as in the shorthand description of anything upside-down that apprehends itself as right-side-up: *it's Catch-22.*

So it is inevitable: *Something Happened* will be measured against it, the second novel's very existence will be dated in reference to the first. Parallels between the two will be sought, and referees will judge this one's speed against that one's stamina, as though the two novels were opponents. Best to get the comparison tests out of the way. Like *Catch-22, Something Happened* is very long, very repetitious, very ironical. Unlike *Catch-22,* it is not too long, and its repetitions are fundamental to its intentions rather than incidental byplays. Like *Catch-22,* it treats innocence with sentiment if not with respect, and makes mild mock of the process we are pleased to call *reason.* Unlike *Catch-22,* it is not funny, not at all. It is mordant and may provoke laughter, but laughter that will stick in the throat. Like *Catch-22, Something Happened* tells of traps, and how people wander into them and try to struggle free. Unlike *Catch-22,* which was picaresque, a loosely-knit crazy quilt of superficially disconnected episodes, *Something Happened* is tight, obsessive, claustrophobic. Like *Catch-22,* which Heller has said many times was a fiction for Cold War America, *Something Happened* is a child of the '50s, of that odd character—has he ever existed, truly?—called the Organization Man.

Bob Slocum, middle-aged, married, with a daughter and two sons, one of whom is mentally retarded, lives on an acre in Connecticut and commutes to his job in New York. His wife has no name, nor do his daughter and unretarded son. His company has no name and no function, no product and no history. It is an abstract process of subordination, fear, aggression, reward and frustration. Two of the three climactic events of *Something Happened* touch on Bob Slocum's organization: his immediate superior wouldn't let him deliver a three-minute speech at the company convention last year or the year before that: "I hate him for that and will probably never forgive him or ever forget it." And Slocum is offered the job his best friend in the company holds, and takes it. The organization is a network of fears: everyone is afraid of everyone above and below him. Its function, or service, is irrelevant.

In an interview 12 years ago, Heller offered his opinion that organizations do not exist to make money or goods. They exist to exist: "A beaver builds a dam—I don't know why a beaver wants a dam, by the way, but I have a feeling that it may not even *need* the dam—it builds a dam because it's a *beaver.*" (This is the controlling logic of *Catch-22,* of course—that we have wars so that soldiers can have occasions to go to war. Nothing personal.) In keeping with the flat, abstracted, theoretical character of Slocum's world, Heller narrates its events and circumstances in flat, unpoetical, weary accumulations of roundelays that now and then are relieved, or broken, by anger or rebellion, or something like love, a love that limps into the story long after its objects have departed.

The novel is divided into books, each with its own title. A table of contents would look like this:

I Get the Willies
The Office in which I Work
My Wife is Unhappy
My Daughter's Unhappy
My Little Boy is Having Difficulties
It is not True
There's no Getting Away from it
My Boy has Stopped Talking to me

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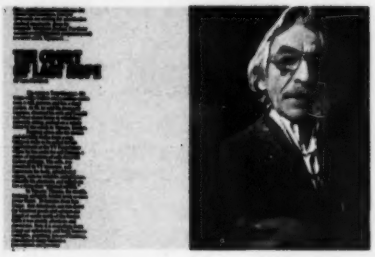

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Nobody Knows what I've Done

A full plate of anxiety and menace. Slocum is frightened of closed doors. He suffers from a dread of unlocated enemies, cannot sleep, is invaded by a "permeating, uninvited sorrow dwelling inside me somewhere like an elusive burglar that will not be cornered and exorcised." He dislikes surprises, doesn't want to learn anything he doesn't already know. He is (usually) without envy or expectation. He should be a cipher, but he is not. He has a voice like no one else's, and his angst is not representative: it is his own special property.

Catch-22 has been attacked because it fails to distinguish between war—as a general activity—and The War Against Fascism. Yossarian has been attacked because he is not, after all, Everyman. It may even be, though it doesn't much matter, that Heller meant Yossarian to stand as that two-faced character masquerading as thee and me, the bogus impersonator Everyman. And it may be that Bob Slocum's character was cut to fit any frame also, as his company was surely left vague enough to resemble any company. "I often wonder what my own true nature is. Do I have one?" he asks himself. "The problem is that I don't know who or what I really am."

By the time his story ends, he knows. He won't pin himself in a phrase or two, because he leaves himself fully formed, hugely complicated, a rough guide to the architecture of other men, but no blueprint to the phantom interior of Everyman, neither a stranger nor other self, a kinsman perhaps.

His signature is a tic, the words *Ha, Ha* uttered whenever he skates too close to the thin ice that covers his convictions. (Heller tried out Slocum's *ha, ha* five years ago in a story he wrote for *Playboy*, about Second Lieutenant Edward J. Nately III, late of *Catch-22*. The story, *Love, Dad*, is an inept and mawkish self-parody, childishly ironic, with a twist ending that would make a creative writing teacher cry *foul*. The nervous deflation, *ha, ha*—meant to hold the listener at arm's length—is not the story's strongest weapon, nor has it done much for the hero of *Something Happened*.) Slocum tells his own story, as in a confession to an analyst, lover, mother or detective, following his own trail, doubling back on it, losing himself in a parenthesis, starting at scratch, wandering, running straight ahead top speed, falling down exhausted, picking himself up, looking for a fix on the sun, some navigational aid, starting again . . . .

What happened is this: Bob Slocum had a chance to make love to a 21-year-old girl who had once been gang raped at college, and he didn't do it, because he was afraid to try, and he was only 17 himself, and didn't know how to book a hotel room, which she wanted him to book, knowing he couldn't. She killed herself. After the war, when he guessed he was ready for her, Slocum called the office where he used to work with her:

"Virginia Markowitz? Oh, no. She killed herself a year and a half ago. She's not employed here anymore."

Another thing that happened: His mother's last words to him, the last breath she had to spend on anything, were, "You're no good . . . You're just no good."

He's willing to believe it. He's capable of telling a hooker that his wife is dying of cancer just to get a bit of sympathy, a better workout. (Of course, he believes his wife will die of cancer.) He so hates his wife for her reluctance to undress in front of him that he won't wake her from her bad dreams. His homilies are frosty and sharp, very nasty: "A friend in need is no friend of mine." He began to consider divorce even before he was married. He believes that "hardly anyone over the age of four ever has a good time anymore." He is embarrassed by his retarded son, and wishes he would die, or suddenly disappear. He humiliates his daughter. He seems inhumane.

He is not. And not the least of his strengths is that he understands that he is not: "So maybe I'm not really always as bad as I think I am. I enjoy being praised, by anyone, even by members of my family. It makes me feel important; I grow expansive. Nobody is good always. Everybody is good sometime." There's a lesson here in double vision, or double entry bookkeeping. Slocum gets the big

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

Heller: tight, obsessive, claustrophobic.

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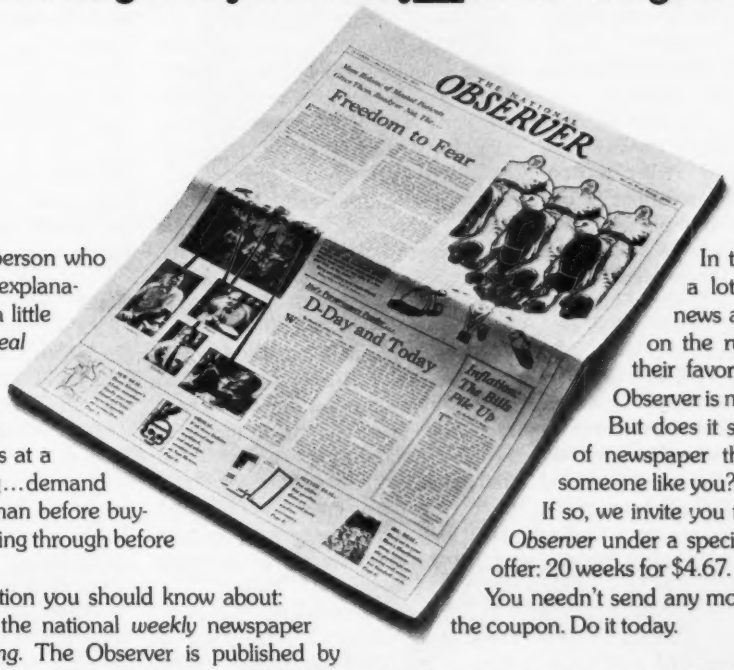

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job and says, wonderfully: "Look at me. I ascend like a condor, while falling to pieces."

The two sentences are perfect: the command, *look at me*, the condor (rather than eagle or hawk), the dying fall of the pieces he has offered for inspection and judgment. There are other illuminations in *Something Happened* that flash across the battlefield: "What does one thing have to do with another?" Slocum inquires, a question full of resignation, but perhaps asked with a touch of hope, as though it might even be answered, in truth, that one thing does bear from time to time on another.

There are—no surprise—similarities in method between *Catch-22* and *Something Happened*. Heller is (too) fond of echolalia, the repetition by one character of the word or phrase spoken by another. In *Catch-22* the echoes were used to bait logical traps. Here, they're played for laughs, or to inspire claustrophobia. (Is there no exit from this syntax?) Since the entire novel is the echo and re-echo by an obsessive of a few events and dilemmas, the explicit repetitions are too insistent. Heller likes to indulge himself also with japes and kid stuff. ("It wasn't so bad living in my old man's scrotum, as far as I can recall. It was warm and humid, and there was lots of companionship. I had a ball.")

As in *Catch-22*, Heller leans full weight against a thesis, and pushes it over more often than he should. *Things fall apart; the center will not hold.* Okay: that's the novel's given. He shouldn't skywrite it: "Smut and weaponry are two areas in which we've improved. Everything else has gotten worse. The world is winding down." And he especially shouldn't skywrite it in a huge, wobbly, child's scrawl: "Nothing stands up. London Bridge is falling down and was shipped to Arizona as a tourist attraction." There are purple passages, when Heller shoulders Slocum aside to read some poetry to the audience, and there are some paragraphs—no more than a dozen—that seem too fat or pushy.

Otherwise, the writing is perfectly suited as an instrument of Bob Slocum's character and Joseph Heller's will. There are some electrifying transitions, stunning changes of pitch or intention, as in this reverie about his idiot son:

"I see him now so lovely, touching, and pitiful I can't bear to look. I see him next at thirty moving toward sixty, and he is appalling. I am dazed, horrified, stricken dumb. . . . Will he look like me? He'll be balding. His suit won't fit. No one will groom him. His dandruff falls like fish scales. He is slack-jawed and flabby as they steer him about, he is repulsive, lame, and monstrous. . . . People will want to kill him. They'll call him Benjy. I will not want to visit him. I hope I can't remember him. I hope I don't find out my wife is committing adultery, even though she probably should."

The reference to Benjy Compson, the idiot in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, is more than coincidental. Heller has credited several writers, notably Louis-Ferdinand Céline (a master of vituperation, a great hater and nihilist) and Dostoevski, with having inspired the tone and manner of *Catch-22*. But it was Faulkner, and especially his greatest novel, *Absalom, Absalom!*, that taught Heller the way to tell a story by bits and pieces, circling around it, adding here and cutting there, modifying it always, beginning perhaps with an outcome.

The cyclical method, since Faulkner and Joyce wrote its manual of operation, has become a dime a dozen in the hands of bogus modernists who refuse to disclose information through the narrative because they can't decide what to disclose, because they can't decide what they want to show or hide. Now Heller isn't half the stylist Faulkner was, and in *Catch-22* he wasn't a third the mechanical wizard, either. But this book is tighter, better made.

A few years back, in an interview, Heller spoke of *Something Happened*. "It's a very hard novel to write; it'll be much harder to read. Even if it's a terrible novel, which it probably won't be, it'll sell a fantastic amount of copies when it comes out." Heller's a true prophet: it is a fine novel, it is hard to read, it will sell wonderfully. But it will never be a cult book, as *Catch-22* was. The Kids won't dig it at all. But that's all right, Heller's all right, his talent waxes rather than wanes, he can talk about Faulkner all he wants now, without blushing, because like Faulkner's his ambition is huge, his patience inarguable and he's got the magic.

MUSIC

Jackson Browne and Randy Newman's latest albums prove once again that behind the innocence is blissful sophistication

By Janet Maslin

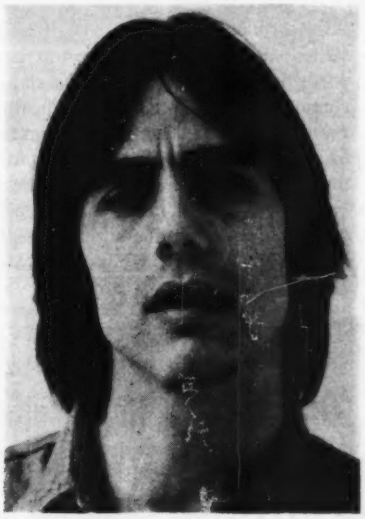
If Jackson Browne and Randy Newman share anything in common (aside from living in California, being extraordinarily gifted songwriters and having released their respective contributions to the year's Ten Best list during the past two weeks), it is their mutual predilection for mock simplicity. Browne can couch a song in the most pedestrian terms imaginable (i.e., those of the California car culture) and make his perceptiveness all the more startling by contrast to the milieu he has chosen. Meanwhile, Newman spends the better part of his *Good Old Boys* (Warner Bros.) impersonating small-minded Southerners, drawing far richer irony out of his affected ingenuousness and occasionally overt bigotry than a lesser artist might evince with easy sarcasm.

Browne's third album, *Late For The Sky* (Asylum), is the closest thing to a rush job he has yet offered, its eight songs completed in only a year's time. And although Browne is much too habitually painstaking ever to hurry anything, there are moments of calculated sloppiness here, riffs borrowed directly from his previous arrangements or lines that sound oddly commonplace ("I'm not sure what I'm trying to say") in the context of otherwise thoughtful material. Such lapses feel deliberate because they help define the inner confusion about which Browne is able to write so lucidly. He alternates insight with banality, exquisitely crafted lines with throwaways, descriptions of private troubles

with grandiose Doomsday fantasies, all in an attempt to pose simultaneously as both glib rock-and-roller and incisive poet.

"The Road and the Sky" opens with the loudest and most biting guitar line (from David Lindley, who also plays mournfully evocative fiddle on several cuts) that Browne has ever shown. Then it launches into the sort of grim lyrics one seldom finds in upbeat rock numbers: "Can you see those dark clouds gathering up ahead?/They're gonna wash this planet clean like the Bible said/Now you can hold on steady, try to be ready, but everybody's going to get wet/Don't think it won't happen just because it hasn't happened yet." In the same song Browne sings of stealing a Chevy and turns one of his most perfectly hybrid phrases, as he expresses an urge to try to "hot-wire reality."

Late For The Sky follows a superficially romantic structure, beginning with two superb songs (the title cut and "Fountain of Sorrow") about the breakup of an old relationship, then proceeding through a transition period in which the writer tries to comprehend his future course and meets with agonizingly authentic failure ("Farther On"). "Late Show" employs movie-score strings to accentuate the dreamlike feeling of beginning a new affair, while the album's second side explores subsequent parenthood and the paradoxical instability of a lasting relationship. But



Jackson Browne: calculated sloppiness.

while Browne's personal romanticism provides the album with some measure of continuity, it is hardly his true subject; instead, he deals with the sorts of questions that other writers' obsessive romanticism is designed to protect them from. "For a Dancer," featuring the album's best melody and arrangement, is so excellent a song it would doubtless lend itself to versions by any number of pop interpreters, were it not for conversation-stoppers like "I don't know what happens when people die" and "In the end there is one dance you'll do alone." Though a few of Browne's early songs ("These Days," "Colors of the Sun," "Rock Me on the Water") have been widely covered, the bulk of his writing is still too idiosyncratic to be recorded well by anyone but its author.

And its author, like a great many songwriters who perform their own work, has certain innate problems when it comes to recording. His vocal range remains limited (though the strength of his voice has improved noticeably since the last album), and his delivery is still somewhat lacking in spontaneity. His melodies resemble one another closely enough to require variations in production, variations that have been more vigorously attempted on this album than on either of the other two. Background singers help enormously, following his cues well, and they are used more widely here than they had been before (Browne's bassist, Doug Haywood, sings partic-

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ularly nice harmonies), but the overall sound is still cautious, unduly wary of any hint of slick production. Still, however pointedly Browne (and his co-producer/engineer, Al Schmidt) steers clear of the usual stylistic cliches, he continues to cling to a rigid formula of his own, one which involves more aimless guitar breaks and slack moments than it should.

Late For The Sky's arrangements are every bit as precise as its material, though, and competent enough to accommodate many other singer-songwriters who perform in a similarly relaxed and straightforward vein. But Jackson Browne's songs are far too special to fit comfortably into production or arrangements that fail to match the sensitivity and inventiveness with which he composes them.

Randy Newman doesn't have these problems, partly because he is a skilled arranger and conductor and partly because he accepts his vocal shortcomings with equanimity, never having even attempted to improve upon his original mumble. (*Good Old Boys* is fortunately accompanied by printed lyrics.) Newman's slurred tones are ideally suited to the sort of offhand zinger that is his stock in trade; in a shuffle called "Mr. President" he throws out lines like "Maybe you've cheated/Maybe you've lied/Maybe you have *los*' yo' mind" with the utmost aplomb. And in "A Wedding in Cherokee County" Newman, as a glum bridegroom, describes his future wife's lineage in a similarly devastating deadpan: "Her papa was a midget/Her mother was a whore/Her granddad was a newsboy till he was eighty-four/(What a slimy old bastard he was . . . .)."

Good Old Boys is more or less Newman's homage to the South, complete with an incoherent ditty Huey Long wrote in 1935 entitled "Every Man a King" (which is followed by a song *about* Long: "Who looks after shit-kickers like you? The Kingfish do"). It affects, yet sometimes even deliberately undermines, a studied innocence of viewpoint throughout. In "Rednecks" the narrator complains of watching "some smart-ass New York Jew" make fun of Lester Maddox ("Well he may be a fool but he's our fool") on television, and then goes on to rant about "keeping the Niggers down." But the latter part of the song, elaborating on how "the North has set the Nigger free," has this same narrator blithely reeling off the list of ghettos in which "the Nigger" can find "freedom." The song indulges in the fanciest of footwork, as its redneck spokesman even takes on a sympathetic dimension in describing his own prejudices. Newman's specialty is a seemingly naive ambiguity that allows him to keep his audience slightly off-balance and all bases covered.

The album's other songs are less pointed and more bizarre, as Newman invents all manner of freaks and small-timers, then mutters ingenuously from their points of view; he arouses compassion so cleverly that it takes awhile to realize there would be no Famous Naked Man (a purse-snatcher) to empathize with had not Newman dreamed him up in the first place.

Newman's melodies, like Browne's, are derivative of one another; "Louisiana 1927" sounds like "Sail Away," while "Rednecks" shares a break with "Mr. President." But the redundancy seems more deliberate here, less like repetition than variation on several themes; the hypnotic simplicity of Newman's piano style often belies his enormous musical sophistication. It is that sophistication—plus his melodic and arranging skills, his understated and unequaled wit, his blending of flexibility and control—that places him right alongside Jackson Browne, in the highest echelon of '70 songwriters.

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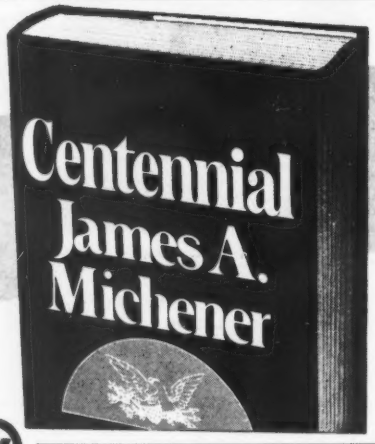

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FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

They were the 20th-century version of Shakespeare's clowns, the Speeds and Bottoms and Pompeys of American film folklore. Grubby beyond redemption, garrulous beyond recall, our codgers spat and snored and snorted and swore their way through a thousand films and TV shows. Their function was to provide warty relief from our unblemished heroes (white-hatted cowpokes, wagon masters, boat captains, et al.). Until Dustin and Elliott and Woody came along, our heroes had to be lanky, lean, clean, stately and restrained. They could not get knee-walking drunk in the streets of Laredo. They could not wipe their noses on their sleeves while refreshing themselves directly from the barn-dance punchbowl. They could not leap to the saddle—and miss (THUMP! Coot sprawls in dust, humorously berates dumb animal, "Yew con-sarned Satan's son of an oat-burnin'. . . .").

In short, heroes were immaculate, invincible—and dull as all get-out. That's where the comical sidekick stumbled in: Andy Devine, bowing the back of his belabored steed as he cried, "Hey, Wild Bill, wait for me!" Or Gabby Hayes, wetly mixing tobacco juice and bestial metaphors behind the horse trough: "Gol-DANGit all, how in tarrr-NAY-SHUN did Roy go and get hisself hawg-tied and goat-roped by a par-fewmy, frilly-pants heffer with no more horse sense'n dawg chasin' his tail?!!!"

Andy and Gabby are long gone, and now the last of their salty, sagging, baggy breed have passed on, too: Walter Brennan, 80, and Cliff Arquette, 68. The two traveled divergent trails in their careers. Brennan was a character actor who appeared in more than 100 films (with three Oscars for Best Supporting Actor) and 224 television segments of *The Real McCoys*. Arquette was a sit-down comic who never made a movie. But he did make Charley Weaver, the character-*cum*-alter ego he created, as familiar to TV audiences as Clarabelle or Ed Sullivan's bears.

The differences between them only proves that there was plenty of elbow room for knee-whackin' within the geezer genre. Lovable, laughable coots they were professionally born, and lovable, laughable coots they died. Oh, they had other, short-lived identities before they achieved cootdom. Next time you see a Walter Brennan movie, listen for a broad *a* that betrays him as a son of Lynn, Mass. More important to his particular calling was the loss of front teeth he suffered early on during a film fracas. "I could take my choppers out and suddenly look 40 years older," he accurately bragged.

Walter Brennan (top) and Cliff Arquette.

Arquette was born in Toledo, Ohio, into a vaudeville family. He broke into radio with Fred Astaire, moved on to *Fibber McGee and Molly*, where he coined the classic codger line, "That ain't the way I heered it." Charley Weaver—silly hat, suspenders and all—spanned two decades, first on *The Jack Paar Show* and later on *Hollywood Squares*, delivering sly, saline observations on American life as viewed from Mount Idy, or, simply, The Home.

The passing of Brennan and Arquette is all the sadder because it marks the disappearance of the coot as a rumpled fixture on the American screen. Now, that isn't all bad. Hollywood's most unappetizing lovable character was for me the vile, fur-bearing creature who terrorized tavern maids in Hudson Bay trapper movies: "Hey, yoo geeve Franchy wone beeg kees, no?!!" But Grandpa McCoy and Charley Weaver were gentle folk, and we continued to chortle at them because we are a sentimental people. Nonetheless, they had already become armpit-scratching anachronisms. Today's non-heroes scarcely need a droopy-drawered *doppelganger*; they've got comic tics and cosmic itches of their own. Your Brennans and Arquettes are as dated as Burma-Shave signs and BVDs.

And that *is* too bad. There were layers of life's pain beneath their thigh-slapstick, the elderly's eternal pain of fecklessness and hopelessness. Brennan's most famous role was that of Eddie, Bogart's good-hearted, soft-headed sidekick in *To Have and Have Not*. It is through the senseless murder of this harmless rummy that Hemingway's story teaches some enduring truths about the workings of evil. Charley Weaver's best bit, a play on the song "Try a Little Tenderness," somehow transcends yocks to become a wry, bittersweet lament of the tired, and the poor, and the aged:

She may get weary, women do get weary,
Wearing the same shabby dress.
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